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PAPERS FROM MY STUDY TABLE DRAWER.

BY

REV. C. S. HENRY, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "DR. OLDHAM'S TALK AT GREYSTONES," "HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY," "A HOUSEHOLD LITURGY," ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE.

THESE Papers do not pretend to be any very great things. The writer has gathered them and put them out together, because he has been asked to do it by many of his friends; and he hopes that, however slight they may be, there will be found some things which, in matter of thought, suggestion, or in the way of putting, may be of sufficient interest to repay the perusal.

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ABOUT MEN AND THINGS.

I.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

NEARLY everybody, I suppose, has some object in life. There are, indeed, some persons that appear to float so aimlessly on the current of time, that you can scarcely say they have any object. They seem to be stirred by no stronger impulse than a sleepy liking for a lazy good time. Such persons I leave out of account now. The bulk of mankind, I take it, have something they aim at. Whatever difference there may be in the particular objects that different persons aim at, there is mostly something they desire to succeed in. What the most part of persons are most strongly bent upon is probably their own personal advantage, in one way or another, according to each one's taste or preference. Some go for money, some for fame, some for present distinction,

public position, office, dignities, honors, whatever may give them eminence and general consideration. In short, what we call worldly success is what most persons more or less eagerly pursue.

It is spoken of under a variety of figures of speech, as getting on in life, getting up in the world, feathering one's nest, etc. The philosophical Augustus Tomlinson calls it "buttering one's bread." Those of my readers who have recently read Bulwer's "Paul Clifford" will have a livelier recollection of Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, the philosopher of the robber band, than I have; for it is years upon years since I read it, and I have forgotten everything in it save his name and one of his sententious utterances that fastened itself in my memory. He lays it down that "knowledge of the world is to know how to butter bread, and knowledge of mankind is to know which side your bread is buttered on." From which it would seem that to get one's bread buttered on one side is all that the sage Augustus thought it worth while for a philosopher to aim at; though I dare say we have all heard persons spoken of as being in such luck as to have their "bread buttered on both sides," and we have therefore a right to infer that some, at least, like it to be so, and may perhaps (unphilosophically) make it an object to get it so.

Be this as it may, it is clear that when the philo-

sophical bandit laid it down that knowledge of mankind is the knowing which side your bread is buttered on, he meant that getting your bread buttered is only accomplished, or best accomplished, by getting other people to butter it for you, and that you must know what persons you can use for this service, and how to get them to do it.

And herein it must be owned that the sage Augustus was wise, after the fashion of worldly wisdom. The world will very seldom butter your bread merely because you deserve to have it done for you. You must use other arts. Merit may possibly have its bread secured, independently of the world, or be able to get it in spite of the world. But the dispensation of butter—like kissing—goes by favor. And he who lacks the skill to win the favor of the butter dispensers, or is too proud to try, must be content with dry bread; for mostly your butter dispensers have a dislike to those who do not obsequiously seek it at their hands; and if any one tries to get it without their help, the odds are they will make it hard for him to get even dry bread,—he had best not presume they will not try. Sometimes it happens that men of predominant ability make themselves so formidable that the dispensers of butter are fain to stop their mouths by buttering, and double buttering, their bread on both sides,—where-

from have come some remarkable conversions among opposition patriots. Not all patriots, however, are *butterable.* Louis Napoleon could do nothing with Beranger. The sturdy old song-singer refused all his offers—preferring dry bread and independent song-singing in his garret to the largest dispensation of imperial butter.

Mostly, it is by obsequious arts that bread gets buttered. And that "knowledge of mankind," in which the philosophical Augustus placed the practical part of worldly wisdom—that knowing how to get other people to butter our bread for us—is possessed in very different degrees. Some persons have a great deal of it, some very little, some nothing of this necessary knowledge. Some have enough of it, but lack prudence to turn it steadily to account; they let opportunities go by, or fail to make the most of them. Some cannot keep what they get, but are always in the predicament lamented in the travesty ballad:

> "I never had a piece of buttered bread,
> Particularly large and wide,
> But it was sure to fall upon the sanded floor,
> And always on the buttered side!"

But enough for the bandit sage, and his way of laying down the philosophy of worldly success.

The celebrated Herr Teufelsdröck, *Professor der*

Allerley Wissenschaft Universität der Weissnichtwo —Professor of Things in general in the University of Noneknowswhere—has a way of putting the matter, which, while equally implying that knowledge of mankind is indispensable to success in life, is more sharply determinate and practical. He says the problem is *sich anzuschliessen*—"to unite yourself with some one, and with somewhat." So Carlyle renders it. But I prefer the more literal and picturesque rendering—to *hitch yourself on* to somebody or something. The art of getting up in the world, would accordingly be the art of hitching on. But you must take care what you hitch on to. You may as well hitch on to a post as to a man who has no impulse or power to rise or climb. You must hitch on to such as can lift you up along with themselves. And herein lies a twofold art, or skill: to discern who are the persons it is best to hitch on to, and to make them fain to take you up with themselves. A mistake on either point would be disastrous. You may hitch on to persons who are willing enough to have you do so, but who lack the power to raise you up. Or you may hitch on to such as can very easily take you up, but who, though allowing you to hitch on, may capriciously cut you loose in mid-air, or kick you off when perhaps you are nearing the topmost round of the ladder. A

frightful thing this, and, it may be, altogether destructive. The art of rising in life has, you see, its perils. But granted you have art and skill to fasten on to such as are able to carry you up, the best security you can have against being cast off is to make yourself as necessary to them as they are to you. For it is not your worth or merit in yourself, but your serviceableness to them that makes sure your hold. Herein, also, lies much scope for wisdom and skill. Some hangers-on have it in a wonderful degree, but none more wonderfully than my friend Gettupp. I have in my time seen him hitch on to three successive generations of official coat-tails of the highest dignity and power—dropping the defunct ones, and catching, with admirable dexterity, just in the nick of time, at those that replaced them. He has, too, the skill to grasp not only the coat-tails of the highest degree, but all the minor ones of serviceable importance to him. His art and skill are unrivalled, and it is wonderful to see how he has got up in life. He could never have risen so high but for his incomparable talent for hitching on. At the same time, I am obliged to confess I cannot think it a talent of the highest and noblest order.

Indeed, to me, a curious looker-on at the scene of human life, it has ever seemed that those who have

had the greatest success in rising by hitching on, are far from being of the highest style of ability or the noblest magnanimity of soul. Mostly, so far as my observation has extended, they appear to be persons of a very moderate endowment of intellect, with a certain instinct for divining, and a certain cunning in turning to their own account the foibles of those they fasten on to, together with a pliant suppleness of spirit, to me not altogether pleasant to contemplate.

My friend Sauer, who is somewhat cynical as well as sharp, insists that mediocrities, sycophants, and tools, have by far the best chance of getting up in the world, because those who are in the high places of position, and have the power to raise others, prefer to be surrounded by mediocrity rather than by high ability, by servility rather than by magnanimous loyalty, by tools rather than by coadjutors. Then, too, for the most part it is the hitchers on that come in turn to take the places of those they fastened on to, as time makes those places vacant. And this, he says, is the reason why the highest places of the world are by no means filled by the ablest minds and noblest spirits in the world.

To all which I reply, that to whatever extent there may be truth in what Sauer says, it is by no

means universally true. Out of joint as the moral order of things no doubt very greatly is, yet servile hitching on is not the only way to rise in the world. There are great and magnanimous men, who, disdaining to sink their manhood to arts of mean subserviency, have made their way to the top of things by their own power and force, by the favor of God, and the concurrence of the noble and magnanimous. And such men are wise enough and of large soul enough to gather around them and carry up with them men of like stamp with themselves—willing and glad to be their helpers, though scorning to owe any position to unmanly arts. Wherein lies some hope for the world.

Moreover, I tell Sauer that even if it were true that mean, unmanly hitching on is the established law of getting up in the world, those who refuse to submit to the law are the last persons in the world to utter any complaint when they see meaner souls advanced over their heads. Perhaps, unhappily, it is true that with the bulk of mankind worldly success and the outward stamp, badge, or ticket of it is the only criterion of merit, and that if one lacks this he is nobody in the eyes of the multitude. Little Malvin Mallow, who is one of the gentlest types of this way of estimating men, is entirely unconscious how incapable he is of recognizing superior merit

apart from what he calls "success in life." With him worldly success is the only successful thing. He has a genuine respect for it. There is nothing of envy or jealousy in him. He illustrates the truth of the Bible saying that "men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself." To hear him, you would imagine he thinks that doing well to one's self is altogether the most praiseworthy thing one can do.

In short, it must be conceded to Sauer that intrinsic superiority, apart from worldly success, does not obtain the popular consideration it deserves. But then I ask him, How can it be expected it should? It would be strange if it did. And why should the wise man complain? Not to obtain it is far from being the greatest calamity in the world. Meanness of soul, though ever so successful in getting up, is a much greater calamity. And the consciousness of an honorable spirit, and the respect of such as know how to respect it, is a greater success and more to be desired than the highest elevation gained by mean hitching on.

In fine, I tell Sauer it is something well for him to be reminded of, and something to be noted by all the Malvin Mallows of the world, as well as by all the disciples of Augustus Tomlinson, and of Herr Teufelsdröck,—namely, that worldly getting up is

by no means the highest of ends, and he who makes it his chief aim is by no means actuated by the loftiest and noblest spirit. Successful self-aggrandizement is not the greatest success in life. The truest success is achieved by those into whose aims in life no element of self-seeking, no regard of mere personal or worldly advantage enters.

There are those who devote themselves to the pursuit of Truth, or to the production of the Beautiful, with a pure interest—from love of truth and beauty for their own sake alone. This very spirit is the best guaranty for their success in the search of the true and in the creation of the beautiful. And to succeed in this is a high order of success, however unregarded by their contemporaries, unrewarded by material advantages, or even subjected to obloquy and persecution from those in place and power the votaries of truth and beauty may be. Galileo, in the dungeons of the Inquisition, was a more successful man than those who put him there.

But there is a still higher life than even one unselfishly devoted to truth and beauty, and a still higher success in life than success in the pursuit of truth, or the production of beauty.

There are those who live to do all the good they can to the bodies and to the souls of their fellow-men, to spread comfort and goodness and happiness

around them, or, in a wider sphere, to promote the social, intellectual, moral and spiritual advancement of the human race. These are the elect, the true and noble heroes among men, who have entered into the inmost spirit of the Son of Man; have eaten His flesh and drank His blood; have imbibed from Him and become penetrated with that sublime enthusiasm of humanity, of which the Son of Man is the only perfect historical example.

Blessed are such; and great is their success in life, wherever they work or die. Their works and their names may be unknown and unsung by the great world. This matters not. None the less is their success. It is not for name and fame they live, but to do what good they can. This aim is itself success. The Malvin Mallows of the world may hold them of no account. Not so the Upper Powers. Not so a considerable number of the better order of finite spirits.

Or, on the other hand, it may be that public honor befalls them,—not of their own seeking, but as an incident of their work. The great world sometimes blows its trumpet in honor of the unselfishly good, and makes their praise a fashion. Then all the Malvin Mallows of the world are inspired with respect, and hasten to join in the homage; for, as with them, the value of godliness

lies in its gain, so the humble, unselfish doers of good become respectable when they have ceased to be obscure. But the plaudits of the great world constitute no part of the true essential success of the good. Not even how *much* good they do, but the spirit that actuates them, makes and measures their success. Let us be glad and thankful it is a spirit which the Son of Man can and will (if we so will) make us all sharers in,—a spirit like His, even His very spirit.

II.

THE BLUNDER OF BEING WITHOUT A HEART.

We moderns have quite changed, and, as we are naturally apt to think, improved upon, the ancient fashion of speaking about the locality of men's affections. Nobody now-a-days hears of the bowels as being the seat of pity, compassion, tenderness, etc., unless it be in the way of quotation from the old scriptural language, or a highly metaphorical and poetical adoption of it. So, too, we no longer ascribe to the liver the function of secreting love as well as bile, as did the old Greeks, and after them, the Romans; or rather, to state the case more exactly, we no longer follow their fashion of speaking of that organ as inflamed by love. They, indeed, often spoke of the heart as well as the liver as affected by love; but we have entirely discarded the liver from any function in the matter, and made the heart exclusively the organ of love. In fact, we have reduced the number of localities or seats of

whatever goes on in us, or manifests itself out of us, of an intellectual or emotional nature, to two—the Head and the Heart: the Head as the intellectual centre, the Heart as the emotional centre—the Head the mind, the Heart the soul.

I may be told that although we no longer speak of the bowels as the seat of love, compassion, and the like, yet we do not limit these kindly affections exclusively to the heart, but refer them also to the breast and the bosom. This is true, and I had forgotten it. But still what I have said above is in the main right: for the words breast and bosom are only figurative words, both expressing one and the same thing,—namely, the heart, according to the figure of speech called *synecdoche* by the rhetoricians, whereby the container is put for the thing contained.

Thus when the Honorable Solomon Soft—his health having been drunk with all the honors at a banquet given in his honor—rises to return thanks, and spreading his right hand gracefully over the upper part of his vest, assures the health-drinkers that he has no language to express the gratification and gratitude that are stirred up in his breast, everybody knows that by his breast he does not mean that "soft protuberance on the anterior part of the thorax in man, and some other mamalia, formed by a conglomerate gland for the secretion of milk, situated

between the integuments and the muscles"—which is the immortal Webster's definition of breast! and such a simple and lucid one that the most ignorant and uneducated man has no excuse for not understanding it. The Honorable Solomon means something inside of his vest which lies deeper and farther down than the "soft protuberance." It is Solomon's figurative way of referring to his heart, his figurative word for giving a sort of figurative location to the emotions that struggle in vain for utterance.

Thus, too, when Mr. Frederick Fine, the poet, who writes with such gushing tenderness, tells his admirers that his bosom is ever full and welling over with love for everything fine, that is his way of referring to his heart. He is softer than Soft, or rather, he puts a *Fine* point upon the matter.—Bosom means breast—"the breast of a human being, and the parts adjacent," as the immortal Webster contents himself with saying. Fine, therefore, does not come so plump to the spot he really means as Soft does; he is one figurative remove further off.

So much to make this matter clear and show why I think it right enough for all general purposes to speak of men as composed of Head and Heart, that what is not of the head is of the heart, and what is not of the heart is of the head, so far as man's intellectual and emotional nature is concerned.

I know there are some who speak of others (I never knew them speak so of themselves) as having neither head nor heart. But when they speak of persons as having no heads, they don't mean to commit themselves to maintaining that such persons have absolutely nothing on their shoulders. Press them, and they will admit that such persons "have heads, and so has a pin;" which has always seemed to me a remarkably foolish comparison, because a pin's head (of course a normal pin's head) is just what a pin's head should be, and, rightly considered, it is no disparagement of a man to say of him that as a pin has a head so has he, but the reverse: it is in reality saying that the man has what he should have, a normal head, a man's head. I know those who make the comparison say that when they liken men's heads to pins' heads, they mean (and that I am stupid not to see it) heads with no more brains in them than pins' heads. Well, I suppose I must knock under to this, and not even ask why they don't say brainless heads, then. But I think if ever I should speak of a man as a headless man and be pressed to tell what I meant by it, I should say straight out that I meant a man whose head had nothing in it, because that would bar the question whether his head was not filled with pudding; for we all know there are some persons whom their

fellow-creatures irreverently speak of as pudding-headed.

But enough, and perhaps more than enough, about heads—of which I did not intend to say anything when I sat down to write. But how things will sometimes crowd in and run away with one's purpose! It is very hard to stick to the advice in Rabelais: *Belier, mon ami, commencez par le commencement.* Let me now try to get at my subject, which is the Heart—the centre of man's affections and emotions.

Here, too, we meet with a variety of expressions. It is very common to speak of warm-hearted, soft-hearted, honest-hearted, bold-hearted, noble-hearted persons. And there is no need of any particular explanation of the terms. Everybody understands their meaning well enough. The same may be said of the opposite expressions: cold-hearted, hard-hearted, hollow-hearted, feeble-hearted, mean-hearted. We all likewise have, I suppose, pretty much the same understanding of what is meant by speaking of a person as a heartless man, a man without a heart. The meaning is not indeed quite so determinate as when we speak of a man as cold or hard or hollow or mean hearted. The term implies rather in a general way simply the opposite of what the Germans by a very expressive word call heartfulness. To speak of

one's having no heart implies the absence of that genial, lively sensibility to things which stir and move and draw the affections and wills of the heartful. The generous impulses in behalf of what is right and good which are so powerful with the heartful are not felt by the heartless. The heartless man is not necessarily one who would commit a crime or any overt punishable act. He may be deterred by the fear of hell or of the gallows or the prison. The man without a heart may have plenty of head to see that, in the large and in the long, honesty is the best policy, and so the honesty of his outward conduct may be dictated by a prudent calculation for his own individual advantage without any internal honest principle. He may not be a miserly, stingy man, who never gives away anything; on the contrary he may give quite munificently; but it is for the sake of the credit, general good opinion or other selfish advantages he expects to get by it. He may ally himself to a noble or sacred cause and work energetically for its success; but it is for ambitious or other personal ends and not at all because he cares for the nobleness or sacredness of the cause. To this he is simply insensible. Having no heart he has nothing within him that beats with generous, uncalculating, self-sacrificing devotion to the cause he espouses.

Now it is not to be denied that being without a heart has its advantages. The heartless man escapes many of the sufferings to which the heartful are liable. The distresses of others are not distressing to him. He is not afflicted at their afflictions. His heart is not wrung with sorrow for their pains. Nor is he at all troubled at his want of sympathy with the sorrows of others. The ejaculation,

"O give me tears for others' woes"—

catch him ever uttering that! The virtue of resignation—to the calamities of his fellow-men—is one of easy practice for him.

But, on the other hand, there are disadvantages in being without a heart. It has its own special inconveniences. In the first place, the heartless man can never know the sweetness of sympathy from others. If you wish others to weep with you, you must weep with them. Nor can he ever know the joy of loving and being loved. Those as heartless as himself have no hearts to give him. And the heartful heart flows forth only to the heartful heart. Love alone begets love.

Then again, the heartless man is liable to perpetual failures in pursuing his selfish ends, because he is apt to believe the rest of mankind are as heartless as himself, and act only from selfish instincts or cal-

culated policy of personal advantage. This is a very great mistake. Heartless as many persons doubtless are, yet neither all nor the great bulk of mankind are without hearts. The world abounds with heartful folk. And the only way to get along successfully with them, is to have a heart yourself. There is no philosophy in the world practically so mistaken and foolish as that of Rochefoucauld.

Some one in Fouché's presence condemned the execution of the Duc D'Enghien by Napoleon as a great crime. "Crime?" said the astute minister of Police,—"crime? It was worse than a crime. It was a *blunder*." So, leaving entirely out of view the moral monstrousness of it, we may truly say it is a great "blunder" not to have a heart. The want of it, and the consequent inability to understand that other people have it, or what it means for other people to have it, is almost inevitably sure to entail errors in policy and failures in aims. Nowhere is this more notably or eminently seen than in the case of politicians. There is no worse blunder for a politician and no greater misfortune for him than to be without a heart.

Take the case of Deewee. For fifty years he has followed the trade of politician. Yet his life on the whole is a political failure. At the end of his career he is an unsuccessful, disappointed, soured man.

And why? Mainly because, having no heart himself he has not given the people the credit of having one, or, has failed to understand the popular heart, and get into relation with it as the heartful only can. He has mostly acted on the notion that the people act from purely selfish impulses and are to be successfully acted on by skilfully managing those impulses, and that by adroit management he could move them to his purpose like pawns on a chess board.

Now, the great body of the people are not without heart. There is great truth and great force in the words "the great heart of the people." Deep down below the political surface on which the host of trading politicians—selfish, ambitious, heartless—ply their unscrupulous arts to mislead and use the people to their ends—deep down lies this great heart, seldom stirred, but which yet in great crises, when sacred principles of justice and a nation's life are in question, will be found to beat true to the cause of right, will be roused to a loyal patriotic enthusiasm, astounding and confounding heartless politicians, and making their machinations as flimsy as the meshes of a spider's web.

It may be said, that if the politician has no heart himself he can still get along if he has the sagacity to understand that the people have a heart and—

when that heart is stirred and moved—to shape his plans upon the fact, to simulate a heart for himself, to act as if he had one in sympathy with theirs. This may be true to a certain extent—provided he can do so. But it is a hard thing to do. It requires great sagacity—a sagacity that cannot come from the understanding alone, but requires a very considerable gift of the imaginative faculty—more than is generally possessed by heartless politicians.

Besides, this imaginative sagacity and making believe having a heart—this analagon of a heart—can succeed only in a limited degree. It is for the politician's mere political ends a long, long way from being so good as the true real heart. It is not so easy to impose upon mankind with a simulated heart. There is an intuitive sense of its unreality. People distrust it; whereas they discern instinctively the great, true, noble-hearted patriotic public man, and trust themselves to his guidance. The people like to be led, and gladly let themselves be led by such leaders. And God be thanked that in times of need, when sacred principles, when national well-being and national existence are in peril, He generally raises up such leaders.

In spite, then of any thing that may be said in favor of a make-believe heart as a substitute for a real one, I maintain that for the politician and for

everybody the best possible condition and means of getting along successfully with one's fellow-men is to have a heart; the want of it is a great blunder. It entails inconveniences and disadvantages the most skilfully simulated heart cannot save a man from.

I might go on further—with a number of special considerations the subject suggests. One for instance is the question as to the proper relation between the head and the heart. On this it is certainly right to say it is not best to be all heart without a head any more than all head without a heart. It is true that when a man is said to be "all heart," it does not necessarily imply nor is it understood to imply that he is without a head or has very little head. On the contrary it is often applied to designate persons of a peculiarly rich and generous nature, full of warm, lively sensibilities, or deep, noble affections—and at the same time not at all wanting in intellectual power.

The question, which is best to have, most of head or most of heart—where both exist—is best answered by saying that a due balance of both is better than any overpoise of either, although most good people would prefer those in whom the heart rather than the head predominates, if there must needs be a predominance of either.

There are some persons who are quite apt to tell

you they have "too much heart." I have learned to keep shy of such persons—unless duty obliges me otherwise. Those who tell you so generally speak of it as their misfortune—exposing them to sufferings and sorrows of soul from which persons of less heart are exempt. But you will always find that they secretly pique themselves on their "too much heart" as a singular and superior grace and excellence, the indication of a higher, finer, more delicate nature. This conceit makes them among the most unreasonable people in the world—the hardest to get along comfortably with. When their "tender and sensitive souls" get into one of their frequent states of wounded feeling or passionate heart-sorrow of any kind with no reason at all, or with no sufficient reason, you can do nothing with them, but to leave them to themselves. To have too much heart of this sort is a very great misfortune. It is no blunder not to have it.

In fine, the best thing that we can do is to have hearts full of love to God and man, and then to use our heads as wisely as we can for our guidance through life—seeking always the wisdom that is given liberally to all who honestly ask for it.

III.

THE BLUNDER OF NOT HAVING A POLITICAL CONSCIENCE.

It is not of the moral defect, monstrousness, criminality, or guilt of not having a conscience that I have anything now to say, but only of the blunder of it. It is a very great blunder, and generally in the long run a fatal blunder, for a politician not to have a conscience.

I know, indeed, a quite notorious politician and (by the grace of the "Tammany Ring") once a very high official, who does not hesitate to assert—and he does so quite squarely, firmly and without any notion (unless he belies himself) that he is saying anything he ought to be ashamed of—that "politics and morals have nothing to do with each other." According to him politics and morals are heterogenous—do not fall within each other's sphere nor under any common sphere; they are entirely disparate—not to be compared together any more than a smell and a color, and to call any political action an

immoral or blameworthy action—no matter how corrupt, flagitious and scoundrelly it may be called by those who know no better—is just as absurd as to talk of a virtuous potato or a criminal cabbage, except in an improper or highly figurative way.

I know other politicians who avow the same doctrine as this Tammany man, and presumably therefore act upon it, or at least can have no conscientious scruples about acting upon it; and I am afraid there are a great many others who do not avow it, but yet believe and act upon it.

Now whether the theory of our Tammany man and those who hold with him, be true on not, it is a very great and foolish blunder to act upon it and a still greater and more foolish blunder to avow it—so long as the bulk of mankind hold a contrary doctrine. But on this point more by and by; for there are other sorts of persons who are wanting in political conscience.

There are a great many who do not believe our Tammany man's doctrine, who yet act upon the doctrine and try in a sort of blind, self-stultifying way, to persuade themselves that political immoralities are somehow less guilty, more excusable, than immoralities in the ordinary relations of social life.

There are others who without denying that political rascalities *are* rascalities, immoral and wrong,

and without trying to make themselves or others believe that they are any more excusable than any other rascalities, smile in serene indifference, or snap their fingers in sublime contempt, and say they don't care a fig whether their political conduct be immoral or not so long as it serves their ends.

Finally, there are those who neither justify nor excuse immoral practices in politics, nor are able to rise into the sublime sphere of contempt for moral distinctions, but still have no conscience to any practical purpose in politics, because they do not act from their sense of moral obligation, but habitually run counter to its dictates, under the pressure of the temptations which beset the selfish politician's path.

Now whatever may be said as to the moral defect, monstrousness, criminality or guilt of this want of conscience, I leave it to philosophical and religious moralists to say it. I speak only of the blunder of it. I say it is the foolishest thing in the world for a politician not to have a conscience and to act upon it in his political conduct; and, on the other hand, it is just the wisest thing in the world for him to have one and obey its dictates.

I mean, of course, a good, sincere, honest, sound, enlightened, wide-reaching, large-grasping conscience —one which recognizes that right is right because it is right, and wrong is wrong because it is wrong;

that right ought absolutely to be always done because it is right, and wrong ought never to be done because it is wrong; a conscience, moreover, which understands that as nothing in the universe—and of course nothing in the sphere of politics—can *force* a man to do wrong, so nothing in the universe—and of course nothing in the political sphere—can justify a man in doing what he knows to be wrong or even doubts about being right; and in fine a conscience which will lead a man to suffer himself to be torn asunder by wild horses rather than do wrong. A pretty high standard this! But inasmuch as the universe is a moral one, and inasmuch as there is a deep-seated and ineffaceable idea of right and wrong, duty and obligation in the universal consciousness of the human race, so on the whole and in the long run, it is the wisest thing even for a politician to have such a conscience, and a great blunder not to have it. He may consult and practice all sorts of wise political *expediences* for the accomplishment of great public ends, (this he *should* do) or even for his own personal advancement (this he *may* do)—provided they involve nothing wrong. But to do any thing mean, base, false, dishonest, fraudulent, wicked—this is as much a blunder as it is wrong.

IV.

CARRYING ONE'S FLAG UNFURLED.

NEARLY everybody, I presume, has heard of the whimsical adventure undertaken some four or five years ago, after the close of the late civil war, by one Sergeant Bates, a Union soldier in the war. He engaged to go on foot and unarmed through every one of the states lately in insurrection, travelling only in the day-time, and carrying the flag of the United States aloft and unfurled throughout his march—beginning at Vicksburg and ending at Washington. He arrived at the latter place after some time, having fulfilled his engagement without meeting anywhere either harm or insult to himself, or any tokens of disrespect to the flag he bore ; on the contrary mostly good will and cheers, and in several places quite lively ovations ; due, perhaps, in many instances, quite as much to an amused sense of the jolly humor of his whimsical feat, and the pluck and confidence implied in it, as to any political sentiment on the part of the people through whom he passed.

Now everybody knows—at least I am not writing for anybody who does not know—that Sergeant Bates carried with him a great deal more than merely a piece of cloth with alternate white and red stripes, and a certain number of stars figured on a blue ground, fastened to a pole. He carried aloft the expression of a great spiritual significance, the symbol of IDEAS for which hundreds of thousands had not long before shed their blood, the symbol of the sovereign majesty and power of the Union, to uphold which they went gladly to battle and to death.

Great are ideas! Great are the symbols that express great ideas, and great is their power to stir men's souls to heroic doing and suffering. The symbols of sacred ideas become themselves sacred to the lofty in mind and noble in heart. The flag of their country is something ever to be saluted, ever to be maintained aloft, on land and sea, amidst the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry and the clash of swords, never to be deserted, never to be given up but with life. What a bead-roll of glory could be made of those who have fallen on the battle-field, clutching in death the flag they carried, and to keep which they died.

Of symbols much might be said that I have not time or room to say. Only somewhat in the way of suggestion.

Without symbols the spiritual universe would be quite bald and bare. The spiritual needs form. The mind needs clothes as much as the body. In truth it is more for the sake of the mind than of the body that we clothe the body itself. This is something many persons have never thought of. I do not agree with Herr Professor Teufelsdröck in ascribing the origin of clothes to a wish, not for warmth or for decency, but for ornament; a theory, however, not without some ground, many will be apt to think, who recall the laughable images presented to their fancy in so many travellers' accounts of savages strutting off in high satisfaction with the gift of a laced hat on their heads or a spur on their heels for their only clothing, yet caring for no other dress. But with more reason does the professor speak in his peculiar style of clothes as a "mystic, grove-encircled shrine for the holy in man," giving us individuality, distinction, and social polity—"making men of us." Some of the professor's fancies about "a world out of clothes," which he gives only as instances of the "physical or psychical infirmity" of his nature, are to me full of deep suggestion. "A naked duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords" would be in my view a spectacle of intellectual savagery more than of bodily nakedness. The black chiefs and nobles, of whom some recent African

explorer's book that I have read contains full-length portraits, of remarkable nudeness, were doubtless as bare in soul as their bodies were bare of breeches.

Then, too, without symbols how terribly dry and hard our human speech would be, and with how little comparatively of power to stir and kindle men's souls. Ideas, the greatest, the loftiest, the noblest, the fullest of soul-stirring significance, are hard to be grasped in all their contents and felt in all their power by the great mass of mankind if they are presented only in abstract expression. They must be embodied, incarnated, take some living or some concrete form. Put them into such expression, and the bulk of men will apprehend and feel them as they never otherwise would. Here is the power of symbolical expression. Put these great ideas into symbols and how effective they become.

The Sovereign Majesty of the State—that is an idea. Only the few that reflect and think can grasp it and feel it in its abstract form. But a living representation of it in the person of "our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria," in royal robes, enthroned, and crowned, and invested with sceptre and sword of state, carries the idea in a living way home to thousands of unreflecting British minds, and stirs the sentiment of loyalty in thousands of British hearts.

The idea, too, of Law and the sacredness of Law

—is it not undeniable that when men see this embodied in the persons of ermined judges, and in the old august and solemn forms of a High Court of Justice, they are far more likely to recognize the force of the idea and bow in reverence to it, than when it is presented (as it is said to be) in some of our courts; where hirsute and unkempt judges, in their shirt-sleeves, with red bandanna neckerchief knotted under their ears, and feet above their heads, dispense at once justice and tobacco-juice?

But enough about the philosophy of symbols. I have gone farther away from Sergeant Bates than I intended, and must come to the purpose I had in view in introducing him and his flag of the Union and what it symbolizes, to my readers. It was to say that *Everybody ought to have a flag*—something sacred, something to live by and die by, convictions that one is not only not ashamed of, but counts it an honor and a glory to avow. *Everybody should carry his flag aloft and unfurled,* ready to maintain and defend it, to suffer and to die for it if need be. The man who has no flag, or does not carry it unfurled where duty, honor and manliness bid him do so, is a thoroughly base and mean man. He is fit neither to live nor to die. So far from having any thing heroic in him, he lacks the essential ingredients of tolerable respectability of character. What is the worth of a man

who does not prefer duty to life? Just nothing at all, or at best he is good for nothing but to eat, drink, make money perhaps, and then—moulder to dust. Thousands of men and women—soldiers, sailors, medical men, fathers, mothers, nurses—do their duty every day in peril of their lives. They are not canonized for it, but they would be thought meanly of if they did it not. How universally the cowardice that shrinks from dangerous duty is despised.

I am afraid it must be admitted that there are many persons who have no flag, or, if they have, never carry it unfurled when there is danger or detriment in doing so, which really amounts to the same thing as having none. For how indeed can one be truly said to have a flag, when he is too cowardly or selfish to fling it out and stand by it, be the risk or the cost what it may. He may have certain convictions which he cannot inwardly belie as to what is true and right, sacred and of binding obligation—something that others are willing to fight and die for, and that is therefore their flag, but not his. Such an one may, indeed, for selfish ends, range himself under some popular or party flag, which yet is not his own in the high and noble sense of having one of one's own, and which you may expect him to desert at any time when it no longer serves his turn to stand by it.

Marching under two flags—like rowing two ways

at once, or standing at the same time on both sides of a fence—is an image of something impossible to do and despicable to attempt. But as between the rival flags of conflicting parties in Church or State, a man may refuse to march under either of them. This is very apt to be spoken of quite contemptuously as "sitting on the fence," and I allow it is something quite deserving of contempt when a man sits on the fence merely until he can calculate which side it will best serve his selfish interest to jump down. I am wicked enough to wish that such a man may always choose the losing side.

Sitting on the fence is not always, however, a sign of cowardliness or selfishness. A man may refuse to get down on either side because he cannot honestly do so, though he is sure to be hooted at or pelted with mud from both sides; and to sit there (with few to keep him company, or perhaps all alone,) may be an argument, not of cowardliness but of the highest courage; not of selfishness but of the noblest loyalty to sacred convictions. And if in such circumstances (to revert to our old figure,) he keeps his own flag unfurled, I have the greatest respect for him. I am of the opinion of Lowell:

> "He's a slave who dares not be
> In the right with two or three."

To which I would add another line:

> Or all alone if needful be.

There is such a thing as being in a glorious minority of one, and to be in it may evince the noblest magnanimity and constancy of soul. But stop; I must correct myself; for in a deeper view the man who stands loyally on the ground of sacred convictions, though none of his fellow-men stand with him or by him, stands not alone—never can be in a minority of one. There is the Highest One on his side, and many others, outside of this world, who go with the Most High in opinion.

I know there are times when sacred principles are in issue between rival parties, and when every man ought to take side and range himself under the flag of truth and right. Such times are very trying to mean souls, putting them to the greatest perplexity how to get along without compromising themselves with either side. The desires of such persons that all men might be of one mind are very fervent! They may sometimes get through such great crises by adroit trimming and shirking; and I admit that I have known instances in which, after the conflict was over, they have succeeded to positions and offices not bestowed on the honest boldness of honester and bolder men than themselves. This is only one of

the marks of a universe now somewhat out of joint. It will get righted hereafter. Meantime, successful selfishness is not a thing to be greatly envied. Better to have a flag and carry it always unfurled, modestly but firmly marching on, whatever obloquy, or peril, or earthly damage we may meet with in our march. There is such a thing as losing one's life and saving it; and there is such a thing as saving one's life only to lose it.

V.

DISAGREEABLE FOLK.

Our immortal lexicographer Webster—who has done more than anybody else to corrupt the orthography of our language, and whose peculiar spelling I absolutely forbid any compositor who puts me into types to follow except in the few cases where I myself conform to it, whose etymologies and definitions are often also as remarkable as his spelling—the immortal Webster tells us that *folk* is a word that "originally and properly had no plural, being a collective noun; but in modern use, in America, it has lost its singular number, and we hear it only in the plural. It is a colloquial word not admissible into elegant style." Which does he mean is not admissible—*folk* or *folks?* It is not so clearly put as it might be. I take it he means only to exclude *folks* from admission into "elegant style." But if he means *folk* too, I go against him. I stand up for admitting it not indeed into elegant *style,* but into the number of words which a man who writes an

elegant style may use. It is a good old Saxon word, and I like it much better for many uses than the Roman words persons and people; though I mean to use those words, too, whenever it suits best with what I have to say. I say folk at the head of my paper.

I take it for granted that every one knows from his own experience and consciousness what is meant by disagreeable folk, because I think it safe to assume that there is no one to whom everybody he comes into contract with is perfectly agreeable.

Disagreeable folk may no doubt be classified, so that we may say there are several sorts of them—the individuals of the several sorts having each the same common quality of disagreeableness, though not every one in the same degree; on the contrary it may exist in very different degrees, from the faintest shade, just off the agreeable, to the point where it runs into something too positive to be adequately expressed except by the stronger terms, dislike or aversion. Indeed it may be doubted whether even in the lowest degree it is merely negative—implying simply the absence of the quality of agreeableness.

Rather may it not be nearer the truth to say that as the pleasant impression which agreeable persons make upon you is something quite positive, so the unpleasant impression which disagreeable persons make

is also of the nature of a positive effect? In point of fact, in the ordinary way of speaking, when we say a person is disagreeable, it is commonly understood that he is so in something more than the lowest degree; or rather, we refer to the special qualities in the person which render him disagreeable, as well as to the effect upon ourselves. For it is for the most part the case that the qualities which make a person disagreeable to you, are such and so marked that you can tell at once what it is in him that makes him so. Some are so from their looks and general expression, or from some particular expression, some from their manners or habits, some from the traits of character, disposition and temper they disclose or seem to you to disclose, some from association with something you may have heard and believed about them, etc. Still there are a great many cases in which you would be puzzled to tell why they are disagreeable to you.

And this brings me to say, that beyond all question there are certain magnetic relations of attraction or repulsion existing between everybody and everybody which are too subtle for analysis—a sort of "odic effluence," (as the transcendental Alcott would say), proceeding from every body, a spiritual atmosphere environing them, as invisible as the material atmosphere around us, yet as real—which

lies at the ground of those inexplicable sympathetic and antipathetic affections which every one more or less consciously experiences. This is expressed in the old school-boy quatrain:

> "I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell,
> But this at least I know full well,
> I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

Though it is perhaps better expressed by the slang word so often used by Fanny Kemble, when she tells us she "could not *cotton*" to such or such a person —which word, however, she borrowed from Dean Swift, at least he was before her in the use of it, and the first one that I know of who did use it. I say better expressed, because I am afraid that when the school-boy said or sung "I do not like you, Dr. Fell," something more was implied than is necessarily involved in the subtle, inexplicable affection I have referred to—something of positive dislike partaking of the nature of aversion or even ill-will, which might be very unjust to the Doctor and certainly was very wrong in itself.

And this brings us to consider the ethics of the subject—which may be summed up in saying that while it is allowable to entertain the most positive and particular regard of affection and love towards those who are agreeable to us, we are morally pro-

hibited from cherishing or allowing in ourselves any unkindliness or ill-will towards those who are disagreeable to us—either in cases where we cannot tell, or in cases where we can tell, the reason why they are disagreeable.

In the case of Dr. Fell there is not only no room for supposing that he was ugly, morose or sour in looks or expression, ill-tempered, cross or harsh, dirty or disgusting in person, dress or habits—or in short had any mentionable quality of disagreeableness,—but the notion is excluded by the very terms of the ditty. The case was one simply of a want of magnetic correlation, a subtle inexplicable disharmony. The "odic effluence," the spiritual atmosphere that environed the Doctor, was antipathetically related to that of the boy that made and of the boys that adopted and sung the song.

Now there was nothing wrong in their consciousness of his disagreeableness—for they could not help it. Neither perhaps was there anything wrong in their saying and singing "I do not like you, Dr. Fell"—provided it was done in a good-natured, good humored spirit, and when the Doctor was not within hearing. I say perhaps—because it may be open to a slight doubt whether it was perfectly the right thing for them to say or sing in chorus what they had a right to feel and could not help feeling. But to

cherish or allow any ill-will at the poor Doctor, or to show it in any way to his discomfort—this would clearly be very wrong. It was not the Doctor's fault that his "odic effluence" was disagreeable to them. Perhaps the secret consciousness that it was so reacted on him and made him shut himself up defensively against them; or perhaps he tried to make himself agreeable, and failing to do so made himself uncomfortable enough; and so he was very much to be pitied, and instead of being an object of ill-will he deserved their respect: but in either case ill-will would be unjust.

Besides we are to remember that in all such cases of disharmony of "odic effluences," the ground of disagreeableness lies as much in the quality of our own spiritual constitution as in that of the person who is disagreeable to us. There is a want of magnetic correlation on our part as well as on his. It is simply a matter of fact—it may be a misfortune—that we do not spontaneously *cotton* to each other, that there is a want of congeniality in our natures. In a multitude of cases it is a very great and sad misfortune—especially in the intimate domestic relations as between parents and children, and brothers and sisters, and (saddest of all) between husbands and wives. For though it may well be believed that a marriage of persons mutually disagreeable to each

other seldom takes place, yet still as marriages out of true love on both sides—what Swedenborg calls "conjugial love"—are possible only between persons whose souls are magnetically correlated, so there are many cases of matches made on earth, not "made in heaven," where the true conjugial love is wanting, and where in the sequel one of the married pair becomes uncongenial to the other, or both to each other—and that without supposing any infidelity or any other special fault of temper or conduct. What saddened lives, what broken hearts, what wretched influences on children, come often from such ill-starred matches—even where the miserable story contains no record of open quarrels or of guilt and crime.

Yet wherever uncongenial natures are thus bound together by ties that cannot be sundered, there is scope for the noblest exercise of virtue—not only in resisting and crushing every impulse to ill-will and ill behavior, but by forbearance, gentleness, considerate kindness, striving to make the best of the case. The life-long endeavor to fulfil this sacred obligation, has made many a life heroical.

But on the surface of life—far above the depths of those subtle inexplicable repugnancies of spiritual constitution in which we have been plunging—lie the cases that most of us have most practical concern with, namely, of disagreeable persons whose dis-

agreeableness it is easy to give a reason for—consisting in personal traits, habits, ways and manners. And the thing I had most in mind when I began was to give some graphic sketches of some of those disagreeable persons, and what it was that made them so. For instance, there is Mr. Clumsy, who makes himself disagreeable to me by always telling me whenever we meet (and that is nearly every week) that he is going to call on me—when for years, during all the time he has been telling me so, he has never once done so; and who puts me out of countenance because I am tempted to say to him: "Why don't you come then, or else stop telling me of your intention?" only courtesy and kindness forbid me to say so.

Then, still worse, there is Mr. Lacktact, whom I never fall in with but he says: "Why don't you come and smoke a cigar with me?" when he knows and ought to recollect that it is more than a year ago since I called to see him two or three times successively, and he has never returned my visits—though it is just as easy for him to come to see me as it is for me to go to see him, that I am older than he, and with as much to occupy my time as he has. This is very disagreeable to me, and it is a still harder strain on my good nature and courtesy to resist (as I always do) the temptation to say to

him: "Why don't *you* come to see *me?*" But I cannot say such things, and so I am put quite out of countenance, and can only mumble out: "Thank you; I—*um-um*—happy—*um-um,*" when I really have no intention of going, but am quite determined that if he can do without me I shall try to do without him. Hypocrite, therefore, that I am in saying what I say; and the consciousness of this—though I say it out of delicacy to him—makes him doubly disagreeable to me.

I ought, however, to say that there is nothing in Clumsy except his particular clumsiness that makes him disagreeble to me; apart from this, he is a very agreeable man, and every time we meet we always have a pleasant chat—as soon as he has got through with his formula and I have got over it.

Just so with Lacktact. The only thing not agreeable is his want of tact. If he would only leave off discomposing me with that question of his, I should find him thoroughly agreeable to an uncommon degree.

But there are other sorts of disagreeable people more noteworthy and much more disagreeble, whom I must forego present mention of—contenting myself with saying that I strive to keep perfectly good natured and kind to them all; and what I strive to

do myself I inculcate upon all who have any relations with disagreeable people.

I only add here that there are some persons who never meet with disagreeable people. They are pleased with themselves, and pleased with everybody else. Their self-complacency overflows upon the whole world of mankind. Their relatives, friends, neighbors and acquaintances, particularly, are the best relatives, friends, neighbers and acquaintances in the world. This is a rare but I hold it to be a very felicitous temperament. It makes the possessors of it happy in themselves, and it generally makes them agreeable to everybody else. And so I advise everybody to try to be pleased with everybody; and above all to hold it for a prime duty to make themselves as agreeable to everybody as they can; and if they do the last out of a benevolent wish to make everybody happy, they will find it at all events a well-spring of happiness to themselves.

VI.

ILL-TEMPERED FOLK.

Things distinguishable should be distinguished. This is oftentimes the more important in proportion as the things lie very close to each other, or run into each other, and make it hard to express the distinction exactly.

When we say any one is an ill-tempered person we commonly mean, or ought to mean, one whose ill-temper is more or less habitual, and not an occasional outbreak. A man may sometimes "lose his temper" (as the common saying is) under strong provocation, or in circumstances of peculiar excitement, without being an ill-tempered man—nay, on the whole, he may be justly considered as a pretty good-tempered man.

It is very hard indeed to say how frequent this habitual losing of one's temper must be to put a person rightly into the class of ill-tempered persons. Still, the difference between one who once in a while loses his temper, and one who seldom "keeps" it, is

marked enough, and we commonly call the latter an ill-tempered man. We express ourselves very often much more strongly in regard to one who is never known to keep his temper under any provocation. We are very apt to call him a bad-tempered man.

Among the individuals who may all fall rightly under the class of ill-tempered persons, it is to be considered, too, that the quality of ill-temper may show itself in nearly all degrees of violence as well as of habitual frequency of display—from the slightest shade of ill-humor to the stormiest outbreak of intemperate speech or action. I say, show itself; for, while that dissatisfied and uncomfortable state of feeling which we call ill-humor, may exist without any outward manifestation; though a person's good humor may be disturbed without leading to any outbreak of ill-temper; yet, when we say that one is an ill-tempered man we always imply some outward display in speech or action. Some persons may be habitually and constantly in a state of ill-humor who very seldom show any ill-temper; and if their ill-humor is in any degree visible—as indeed to a certain extent it mostly is—it shows itself rather in a negative way as an absence of bright good humor; while ill-temper makes itself known in quite a positive fashion. The man who loses his temper shows that he does; and the man who habitually and fre-

quently does so, is precisely the one whom we call an ill-tempered man—while on the other hand, one who habitually keeps his temper from all outbreak in intemperate speech or action, we call a good-tempered man.

The old woman, Sauer's friend, to whom I sometimes apply for sentences of wisdom that go to the bottom of a subject, is wont to say: that "though there is a great deal of human nature in man, yet there is as much difference in folk as in anybody." She is right. And what she says is very applicable to the individual differences among persons whom we class together as good-tempered or ill-tempered folk.

Some—who are considered as good-tempered, and certainly cannot be considered as ill-tempered—never lose their temper because they have no temper to keep. Their nature is as sluggish as a stagnant frog-pond whose thick green slime no wind can ruffle. There is no virtue in such a negative good temper. As well praise a clam for not biting like a snapping turtle. Do we not distinguish between an oyster and a wasp? Temper is an affair of temperament—as the word itself implies. Is there not a difference between the fiery steed which the strongest curb can hardly restrain and the dull donkey that no blows can stir from a walk? Is it not a very high ideal of

virtue that is realized when a man of high-strung, irritable and passionate nature curbs, checks and controls his fiery temper by the force of a resolute will from a high principle of rectitude? Do we not often hear it said of such a person, that he has a terrible temper of his own, but he always keeps it under? Do we not consider such a person as entitled to the highest praise? Do we not properly regard him as a good-tempered man in the highest sense—a man whose temper is controlled by goodness? And do we not hold his virtue high in proportion to the natural fire and violence of the temper he controls, and to the force of virtuous will necessary to control it?

I said controlled from a high principle of rectitude, by a virtuous force. For we are to remember that not all control of temper is of the nature of virtue. Some of the worst-hearted men in the world, with a temper naturally fiery and fierce, never lose their self-command. By the force of a powerful will they keep their temper under perfect control,—yet only because they are sagacious enough to see the necessity of it for their selfish and wicked ends. Napoleon sometimes broke into violent bursts of assumed passion from calculated policy—as when he stormed so fiercely at the old Pope whom he had brought from Rome to help him crown himself; but such men

generally act on the principle of never letting their temper run away with them.

While then, bad men may be good-tempered men, so on the other hand ill-tempered men are by no means always bad men. On the contrary, they may be, and often are, very good hearted. At bottom their nature is essentially good—generous, kind, placable and forgiving. You often hear the acknowledgement of this in regard to such persons. Their ill-temper is recognized as an infirmity of nature, not a fault of the will. It is, as I said before, an affair of temperament—the result of a highly excitable nervous organization often rendered morbidly irritable by physical disorder. They cannot stand contradiction or annoyances as those can whose equanimity is more of phlegm than of goodness, more a felicity than a virtue. And when they give way to bursts of violence in speech or action, they themselves feel more ashamed of themselves than their best friends can feel for them, and are more uncomfortable than they make others. Indeed, outbursts of ill-temper are, thousands of times, nothing in the world but uncontrollable irritability of the nerves, for which the subjects are more to be pitied than blamed. Who thinks of taking offence at the irascibility of a man suffering under the twinges of the gout?

There are some curious individual varieties in the matter of temper. Some can bear a serious calamity far better than a petty annoyance. I do not recollect enough about Frederick the Great (so called) to say whether he was what we should rightly call a bad-tempered man or not. But he could stand calmly the loss of a battle, while he could not stand being beaten at chess, and his great heavy jack-boots were sure to be hurled at the head of the courtier who was imprudent enough to give him check-mate.

And what shall we say to the case of the gentleman coming out of his door on Fifth Avenue one morning, and finding a man sitting on the steps tying his shoes: "Get out of the way"—said he, giving the poor fellow a kick that sent him tumbling down the steps—"you're always tying your shoes." He had never seen the man before in his life! Now this ill-usage of the poor man may have come from something that disturbed his temper before he came out; it may have been all along of a bad breakfast, or of something that disagreed with his stomach—irritating the nerves of that organ and so acting upon his temper; or it may have been wholly the immediate effect of the obstruction he found to his egress. But either way would it be right to draw the sweeping conclusion that he was a bad-

hearted, or an ill-natured, or even an habitually cross and ill-tempered man? If, indeed, he went off leaving the poor fellow on the pavement without a touch of compunction, or in a spirit of jeering enjoyment, then I give him up, not only for an ill-tempered, but for an ill-natured, bad-hearted man. But who knows but he was as generous in nature as he was quick in temper? Who knows but he came to himself in a moment and was shocked at what he had done—hurried down and lifted the poor man up with a thousand expressions of sorrow and concern—took him back into his house, fitted him with the most serviceable pair of his own boots, inquired into his affairs, and became his fast friend and efficient patron for life; so that, being kicked down the steps was the most fortunate thing that ever happened to a poor, shiftless fellow? But perhaps he did not come to himself until he had turned the next corner, and then came back only after the poor man had disappeared, and he could never find him again, though he searched for him, and advertized for him; and so he went through life seeking in vain—with a burden of regret and remorse at his heart which cured him of his hasty temper and made him the meekest and most patient of men—so that a whole platoon of beggars might have blocked up his steps

with impunity, not even stirring him to an angry look; and so his fault made a saint of him; and though he never found a chance to repair it to the poor man, yet he tried to make indirect reparation by goodness to other poor fellows without shoe-ties or shoes—and would, if he had lived in the Middle Ages, have gone himself barefoot on a pilgrimage of expiation, carrying on his back a sackful of shoes, to bestow a pair on every shoeless beggar he met.

Who knows? I say. There are true Idyls of Life more than the poets have written—and of more beauty and pathos.

We sometimes hear persons spoken of as of a spiteful, or malicious, or revengeful, or cruel temper. The usage is well enough, and generally well enough understood. But in strictness these terms refer more properly to the disposition or heart than to the temper; whereas the words quick, sharp, high, impetuous, vehement, violent, etc., relate strictly to qualities of the temper. They mark distinctions which I have left myself no room to dwell upon. Nor is it worth while. Everybody understands them.

Finally: though ill-tempered folk—however good-hearted they may be at bottom—are very disagreeable and hard to get along with, yet there are

a great many things—some of them I have suggested and others will suggest themselves—which, if we did but take candidly and kindly into account, would help us to bear with them (as our duty is) a great deal better than we mostly do.

VII.

SELF-CONCEITED FOLK.

I HAVE been told or have somewhere read of a poor ignorant old woman who had such a mean opinion of herself that she was quite unable to bear up under it, and was heard one day, out of her self-disgust and distress, praying earnestly: "O Lord, give me a good conceit of myself." Whether her prayer was answered according to the terms of it, or whether she ever came to have a more comfortable opinion of herself, I have never heard or read. But I have not the least doubt in the world that though men—and perhaps angels too—might be tempted to smile at its odd simplicity or simpleness, it was graciously received Where it was addressed, and brought her some sort of blessing kindly and wisely suited to her case.

Her's is the only case of that sort that I have ever heard or read of. And without meaning to say or imply that there are not thousands of very sincerely humble persons, I am apt to think the number of

those who ever pray this old woman's prayer or have any such necessity for praying it is exceedingly small. Most persons have a sufficiently good conceit of themselves. So subtle indeed are the workings of self-love that there are some persons who cultivate a poor opinion of themselves, because the poorer it is the better they like themselves. They take it for a sign of grace ; and thus in thinking what good-for-nothing creatures they are, they find a comfort the old woman could not find, and so are never led to pray her prayer.

Most persons, however, have too good a conceit of themselves to be driven to pray for a better one. And poorly as any of us may at times or habitually think of ourselves, we rarely ever become intolerable to ourselves. We are all for the most part ready to say to ourselves as the poet said to England—

. . . . . With all thy faults I love thee still.

I do not mean that there is anything wrong in this. If we do not love our faults, it is perfectly right that we should love ourselves in spite of our faults. Do we not love our children and our friends —far from perfect as they are? Does not the Great Father love us—however faulty He sees us to be? Why then should we hate ourselves? Self-hatred indeed is an unnatural and diseased affection—as

much at variance with a sound spiritual condition on the one hand as inordinate self-love is on the other.

A good conceit of one's self is commonly taken to imply not merely a good opinion of one's self, but also something either false or exaggerated in the opinion. Self-conceited persons are accordingly generally understood to be those who think highly of themselves when they have no right at all to do so, or who think more highly of themselves than they have a right to do. Pretty nearly the same thing is ordinarily intended when one is simply spoken of as a conceited person. A distinction might perhaps be properly made in the use of the words—so that the self-conceited man should be one who stands high in his own opinion as being what he is in his total make up; while the conceited man is one who piques himself more specially on particular excellencies. Indeed, if I am not mistaken, it is mostly the case that when we hear it said of a man that he is very self-conceited we are apt to understand that he is puffed up with an inordinate feeling of self-importance generally; and when we hear another spoken of as very conceited we think of him as being so more particularly in reference to this or that special excellence—trait, quality, talent, accomplishment. But be this as it may, the distinction is probably

not worth insisting on: what is meant is generally clear enough, whichever word is used.

Self-conceit is in itself neither pride nor vanity, though it may be united with either—scarcely with both. The conceited vain man is always laying himself out to get his estimation of himself accepted by others; he is not content with thinking highly of himself, indeed his faith in himself is liable to be sometimes shaken—at all events he is rendered uncomfortable—if he cannot make others think as highly of him as he does of himself, or wishes them to do. The conceited proud man rests more firmly satisfied in his consciousness of his own excellence; he does not need the suffrages of the world to sustain him, and certainly will not stoop to solicit them,—though at the same time he keeps a sharp look out on those who manifest no sense of his titles to homage. Mr. Stolz gently elevates his nose in contempt as he passes them. Mr. Grim eyes them with a bitter sullen scowl.

Not all self-important folk are of this sort. Marmaduke Loftus is neither scornful nor sour. He is a rare combination of self-esteem and satisfied vanity. Perfectly pleased with himself, he has no doubt but others are as much pleased with him as he is with himself. He is what you call a pompous man—a man of indescribable amplitude of pomp. He never

walks or moves or lifts his hand or his hat but in such a grand way as projects an atmosphere of magnificence all around him. One day while walking the street, his feet suddenly slipt from under him, and he came down plump upon his sitting part —more to his amazement than to his hurt. The contrast between his magnificent dignity the moment before he slipt and the helplessness with which he sat on the pavement the moment after, was enough to convulse a whole convent of Trappist monks with irrepressible laughter. It is to the credit of Marmaduke's head and heart that, although he took his mishap in a grand solemn way of course, it stirred him to no anger against the pavement or himself or the mirthful spectators of his fall.

Sometimes this sense of self-importance rises to a degree that has in it something positively sublime. I have heard of a man whose self-esteem was so exalted that—having also a large bump of reverence—he always took off his hat and made a low bow whenever he spoke of himself,—just as we are told that the illustrious author of the *Système du Monde* "always uncovered and bowed his octogenarian head" at the name of God; although La Place is generally considered to have had less faith in the being of God than this man had in his own merit; for he tells us somewhere, I believe, that "the hy-

pothesis of a God is not necessary to the explanation of the universe"—which remark, however, I bethink me now, and as every philosopher knows, is not necessarily conclusive of his atheism, since he may have simply meant that matter and force being assumed, an explanation of the physical universe is possible without reference to the question whether the existence of matter and its forces can be explained without the hypothesis of a God—to say nothing of other substances and forces besides physical. It is to be hoped that this is the extent of his remark, and that he bowed his aged head in a true reverent faith at the name of God as the Being without whom the existence of matter and its forces and laws could not be accounted for and still less the infinite hyperphysical universe in the midst of which our finite spirits float. On this point, I am sorry I have not the means at hand to satisfy myself or my readers, and therefore I ought not perhaps to have mooted it. I hope my readers will pardon me. I am sure those will who rightly appreciate either the logical or the philosophical points I have suggested: though in saying this I am sensible I have laid myself open to being thought conceited. I will not stop to put in any plea in bar, only I will say that I am not of the proud conceited ones. They are like the hybernat-

ing bears, and can live by sucking the paws of their own self-importance, and do not lose their fat by the operation—as the bears do; whereas I confess for myself a want of the approbation of my fellow-men to sustain me in any good opinion of myself I may have.

Mais, revenons nous—it is high time to get back to our subject.

I have said that something false or inordinate is commonly implied in the high opinion self-conceited persons have of themselves. And this want of agreement between the fact and the opinion is what calls out any of the disrespectful or contemptuous feeling their conceit may excite in others. In the bulk of cases, however, self-conceit perhaps provokes a good-natured smile or laugh rather than any more scornful or harsher feeling. When the poet Rogers (who had the sort of countenance that is called a *tète morte*, or dead face—so much so that the wags often called him the *late* Sam Rogers) praised the beauty of a young lady, saying: "She has a *tète morte;* it is really the finest style of face; *I* have a *tète morte*," nobody felt at all disposed to sneer or jeer, but only amused. So when a woman only passably pretty thinks she is enchantingly beautiful, we take it very good humoredly. Matilda Crusca has the vilest taste in the world, yet talks of poetry, art and literature

with the serenest conviction that she has the purest and most delicate sense of the beautiful and the truest judgment in the world. Laura Anne has a fancy that she draws beautifully, though there is not the least truth or spirit in her pencil. Cecilia, her sister, has a notion she sings sweetly, but her voice is as thin as a thread, and her ear far from true. Yet in all these cases no good-natured person would for the world say or look anything to mortify their amiable conceit.

There are indeed persons whose self-conceit is so egregious, so inordinate and beyond all bounds, and who so arrogantly and offensively set themselves up to be more wise and knowing, and better judges of what is correct or proper than all the rest of the world, that we do feel tempted to prick the wind out of them. But when the good opinion men have of themselves does not incline them to a disparaging estimate of others, and thus provoke the self love of others against them, we are disposed to be quite tolerant.

There are those who are commonly called self-conceited, who ought not to go under that name—certainly not if the term is always to be taken as implying something more or less discreditable to their discernment, good taste or modesty. There are many persons whose self-conceit (as it is called), is not in the least discreditable to them, nor in the least

offensive or disagreeable. They think highly of themselves in certain respects. But then they have a just right to do so. There is nothing false, nothing inordinate in their opinion. It does not overstep the modesty of nature or of truth. For instance, I know a man who thinks he is a thinker. I know he is a genuine thinker, not one who merely thinks he thinks. I do not like him at all the less for having a fair and just estimate of his powers in this respect. He is thankfully modest as towards the Giver of all good gifts, and does not vaunt himself or give himself superior airs towards his fellow-men. I know another man who has a very high opinion of his learning on certain subjects. He has studied and mastered them. His knowledge is complete, accurate and profound. He knows that it is so, and that he is entitled to be regarded as an authority on those subjects. I know that this is all true. His opinion of himself is just. Moreover he makes no pretension to superiority in matters he has not thus studied and mastered.

Now the "good conceit" of themselves that such persons have—if it is to be so called—is something that I allow them with all my heart to have. It does not make them overbearing, there is nothing in it that is offensive, nothing that wounds my self-love. Why should I think slightly of them for it any more

than of the tailor or of the boot-maker who knows how to make a perfect fit, and knows that he knows? It is the business of all persons to be masters of what they profess—and not so much to their credit to be so, as it would be to their discredit if they were not so,—and they have a right to know that they are so, if such be the fact; and in many cases they are far better able to form a just opinion of their own excellence than others. And even if this (sometimes of necessity) involves a comparison of themselves with others, where is the wrong or the harm of it, if it does not make them despise those whom they cannot but see to be less gifted or less accomplished? The nightingale's song is sweeter than the croak of the bull-frog. If the nightingale were suddenly endowed with consciousness, it could not help thinking so. Who would find fault with it for thinking so—provided it did not think scorn of the frog for being made as his Maker made him? I bow to all great masters, doctors, judges, leaders, to all who are really as great as they think they are. If they are modest in matters where they are not entitled to be held as masters, doctors, leaders, their knowledge of their own greatness in the things wherein they are great, never makes me think the less respectfully of them —so long, as to rest, as they have the courteous and

kindly spirit that never wantonly wounds the self-love of others.

But it is your shallow pretenders—men who think they think when they can't think; men who think they know when they don't know; men who think they are entitled to judge and to lead, when they have no title at all, men who have not even enough of the greatness they conceit they have to enable them to recognize the superior greatness of their superiors, and whose shallow conceit makes them supercilious and contemptuous, dogmatical and overbearing;—it is conceited folk of this sort that I confess to something of a dislike toward. At the same time I desire always to remember that there is ONE who may see many more allowances to be made in their behalf than I am able to see, but which I ought to hope and believe, will be made. Meantime though probably none of my readers will ever feel any need to pray the old woman's prayer, yet there is one it will be good for us all constantly to make,—namely, that we may not "think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think."

VIII.

TALKATIVE FOLK.

TALKATIVENESS as well as silence is a thing of degree. By a talkative man nobody means a man who is never for a moment silent, any more than by a silent man one who never opens his mouth to speak. Talkative folk everybody understands to be folk that talk a great deal—not only a great deal more than silent folk, but a great deal more than the bulk of those who are not considered silent or reserved, but rather as fair talkers, moderately free-spoken persons.

But though the talkative man is one who talks a great deal more than most folk, it is not necessarily the case that he talks a great deal too much. It may be so, and it may not be so.

The meditative Hamlet—always moralizing and generalizing—in the very middle of his horror at learning the murder of his father by his uncle, whips out his tablets to write down that

"One may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

It is a very safely put proposition. Nobody can dispute its truth. But it is equally indisputable that a man may *not* smile and smile, and yet be a very great villain. In other words, smiling or not smiling has not necessarily anything to do with a man's being a villain or not a villain. There may be smiling villains and unsmiling villains, and there may be smiling good folk and unsmiling good folk. It is a dangerous thing to pass absolute sweeping judgments. They may be not only untrue, but unjust and injurious.

So in regard to talkative folk, it is best to stick, like Hamlet, to safe propositions, and set it down that a man may talk and talk, and be a very foolish or shallow man; and a man may talk and talk, and yet not be a foolish or shallow man; and, on the other hand, there may be wise and profound men both among the talkative and the silent.

Yet, perhaps, in most cases the silent man gets more credit for wisdom and depth than the talkative man—especially if the latter, though ever so wise and deep, makes no pretensions to wisdom and depth, or thoughtlessly throws out his pearls before swine, (who have no noses for pearls,) and if the former maintains a visage of solemn and reserved wisdom. In such a case, the talkative man—however wise and profound his talk may be—commits a

practical blunder, and the shallow, solemn, wise-looking, silent man gets the advantage of him in the vulgar estimation. For although, as my friend Dr. Oldham sententiously remarks, "owls can do nothing but look wise," yet the wise-looking silence of some persons who can do nothing but look wise, is oftentimes very imposing and impressive. De Quincy, I think it is who relates how Coleridge used to tell of travelling all day in a stage coach, with a man facing him on the opposite seat, who never once opened his mouth to speak, yet such was the seeming quality of his silence and his face, that Coleridge set him down in his own thoughts as a very wise and cultivated person, until late in the day they stopped to dine, when—apple-dumplings being put on the table—the man broke silence and dispelled the spell by exclaiming with a thump, "Them's the jockies for me!" But then it may be said that Coleridge, with his full, richly-stored head, vivid imagination, and benignant heart, (for, spite of all his faults, his heart was benignant,) was just the man to impose upon himself in such a case, through the force of his imagination, investing the man with the wisdom his looks seemed to imply.—He himself tells us of a case of similar disenchantment: he was once standing looking at a waterfall, when a stranger exclaimed, "majestic!"—"Yes, that's it, thank

you," said Coleridge; "it is more than grand, yet it is not sublime; it is majestic; that is just the word for it."—"Yes," returned the man, pleased at the compliment, "it is the prettiest, majesticalest thing I ever saw!" This did the business for Coleridge's premature admiration of the man's nice discrimination and appreciative good taste.

I will not pretend that I have set all this down exactly as related—for I write only from present recollection, without the books at hand—but it is sufficiently the substance and point of what De Quincy and Coleridge have somewhere written.

As to Coleridge, everybody knows that he was a great talker, and that in a two-fold sense. Not that he was an incessant talker, for I believe he was comparatively silent in mixed society or when the conversation ran on the surface of things—the news or ordinary gossip of the day. But in the circle of those who were wont to come together to hear him talk, (and that circle comprised some of the brightest and ablest men of his time,) and was set going by them, he used to pour forth a continuous, unbroken stream of mellifluous monologue on all the profoundest problems of human thought, enriched with all manner of various learning out of his vast and recondite stores—kept going (though that was seldom needed) by suggested queries or doubts by his

hearers. At such times he was a great talker, not only in the quantity, but also in the quality of his talk.

Sidney Smith was also a great talker in his day. Not that he talked in monologue like Coleridge.—He conversed. In the genial company of his friends, his talk overflowed with wit, humor and drollery, and he stimulated the faculties of those he talked with. Nor was solid wisdom on solid subjects wanting in the substance of his talk, any more than in his writings—however droll the form might sometimes be.

Macaulay was as brilliant a talker as he was a writer. Sidney Smith says there were no limits to his knowledge on small subjects as well as great, that before he went out to India his enemies might perhaps have said he talked too much, and rather in the way of disquisition than conversation, but after his return he had "occasional flashes of silence that made his conversation perfectly delightful."

One of the most delightful talkers I ever knew, was our own Washington Allston. He took little interest in the politics or the ordinary topics of the day, and rarely spoke of them. But on all subjects relating to art and its history, on poetry and choice literature, and on the great artists, poets and eminent men of letters whom he had intimately known

abroad, it was a treat to hear him. He never spoke a depreciating or unkindly word of any one or any one's work. He was the best relater I ever heard, his language the most simple, clear, and exquisitely felicitous. I shall never forget the many, many short long evenings—from eight o'clock to two—in which it was my privilege in early life to listen to the charming talk of the benignant old man, nor the many good lessons for the mind and the heart I learned, or should have learned from him.

Some great writers cannot talk well. Addison could not; nor could the poet Campbell, unless with two or three congenial cronies. Washington Irving was proverbially still in general society; yet it is said he was very agreeable in a very small circle of intimate friends. I was not one of them; but I remember being once admitted to such a circle, when he conversed the whole evening as fluently and charmingly as he wrote.

But these recollections have drawn me a little aside from the direct line. It is, as I have already in effect said, not a matter of course that much talking is too much. That depends on the quality of the talk, and on time, circumstances, etc. In fact, talkativeness or untalkativeness have not necessarily anything to do with a man's wisdom or want of wisdom; for the wise man, however much he may

talk, will not talk about things he should not talk about, nor in a way he should not; and although the foolish man who talks much, may talk of things he should hold his peace about, or of talk-aboutable things in a way he should not, yet the imprudence of his talk, or the injury or mischief of it to himself or others is due to his folly and not to his talkativeness *per se*.

A vain man has need of a great deal of prudence if he talk much, or else he will be apt to make himself the hero of his talk, and will run the greatest danger of betraying his "weak side"—as the phrase is—or "making a fool of himself," according to another very common disrespectful expression. Talkativeness is, indeed, very often begotten of vanity, and perhaps it is scarcely possible for a vain man to "swing round the circle" with a large swing of talk, without making a fool of himself.

At the same time we must remember that not all persons who talk much are vain, even though their discourse may be quite full of themselves, their own opinions and doings. The late Chancellor———, one of the best lawyers and judges the country ever produced, and one of the best and most amiable of men, used to pour himself out with a frankness and unreserve which, in many persons, you would be apt to attribute to vain glorious ego-

tism. But you never thought of it in his case: you saw and felt at once that there was not a particle of the paltry wish to display himself and catch your admiration. He never thought of himself or of you. He was absorbed in the subject he wished to explain or impress. His talk was the blended outgushing of a full head and a warm heart. The frank, confiding way in which he put himself into your hands when he spoke of himself, and his utter forgetfulness of what the shallow and the pompous call dignity, was such that nobody but a mean-hearted or cynical man could feel any the less respect for him.

Talkative folk, it must be admitted, are as a general thing held in some disrespect, and are, perhaps, mostly classed under the head of disagreeable folk. The reason for this may be that very talkative persons do, in point of fact, talk too much—either of things they should not talk about, or in a way they should not talk, or both; which, perhaps, comes only to saying that the number of foolish persons in the world is unfortunately greater than that of the wise; and so the wise suffer in the judgment of the undiscriminating, for the folly of the foolish. This cannot be helped; there is no law against it. Still it should not, as a matter of truth and justice, be forgotten that not all talkative persons are either

foolish or disagreeable. It is a matter in which discrimination should be made. It should be considered what sort of talkative persons may justly be classed among disagreeable folk.

In the first place, it is such as usurp all the talk when others wish to take a share in it; who will not let you "get a word in edgewise." Such persons are disagreeable because they are ill-bred and inconvenient.

Again, such as always swing to and fro in their talk, and never get forward, or wear you out by tedious iteration of trivial or irrelevant things.—These are commonly and justly voted great bores, and are disagreeable to everybody, though the disagreeableness comes not so much from the *muchness* of their talk as from the foolish quality of it.

Still again, such as insist on talking to you whether you will or not—talking when you wish neither to talk nor to be talked to. This is an ill-bred use of the tongue—not necessarily implying anything disagreeable in the quality of the talk itself, anything silly, or stupid, or vain, or ill-natured, or calumnious, but disagreeable simply because it disturbs you, especially when you are reading to yourself.

Once more, such as keep up in season and out of season, a perpetual stream of absurd *malapropos* chatter and gabble: like the immortal Miss Pratt—

one of the most piquantly drawn characters in one of the best of our modern stories of domestic life, Miss Ferrier's Inheritance—the immortal Miss Pratt, with her "eyes that looked through everything," and her tongue that never stopped; whom nothing could awe, abash, discomfit or reduce to silence; whose perpetual, untimely, and sometimes mischievous chatter afforded a certain amusement to those who could be amused by its absurdity, but made her, after all, an uncomfortable person to live with, and the constant object of special dread and aversion to her cousin, the solemn, pompous noodle, Lord Rossville, whom at length she fairly drove out of life in a shock of paralytic disgust by coming one night to his house in a snow-storm, in a *hearse*, the only vehicle she could press into her use. He was found dead in his bed the next morning.

These are some among the varieties of talkative folk whose much talking makes them disagreeable from the sort and quality, times and circumstances of it.

But on the other hand, it would be far from right to conclude that the extreme opposite of talkativeness is always agreeable. The intense silence of some persons is as disagreeable as the foolish or untimely chatter of others. Sometimes, because

they disappoint a reasonable and just expectation on your part, that they will say something to you. You have no right to look for notice or answer if you address a stock, or a stone, or apostrophize a star. You have no right to expect an articulate answer from a dog when you speak to him, though, if he don't, at least, wag his tail when you courteously address him, you feel a temptation to give him a kick. But when you speak pleasantly to a fellow-man, that has got a tongue in his head, and try to make yourself agreeable and interesting to him, you feel that there should be some response on his part, and a dead, impassive silence is very trying to the temper. You may not kick him, but, perhaps, you would like to. It was this, perhaps, that provoked the old philosopher to exclaim to one of those obstinate taciturn persons, "Speak, man, that I may know thee."

Sometimes intensely silent persons are disagreeable, because they seem to be always critically watching to see if you commit yourself in any way in your talk, and keeping up a constant inward sarcastic sneer. You don't feel safe in their presence, or, at best they are a wet blanket on the social circle, producing an uncomfortable chill. They are an uneasy restraint on the lively flow of frank and cheerful talk.—Not that the silence of all silent

persons is of this sort. Far otherwise. There are some of a constitutionally still disposition, who, in their placid way have as much genial enjoyment of all the good things they hear around them as any one in the room. Their silence is not critical, sarcastic, cynical: and nobody is made uncomfortable by it. There is mostly no difficulty in discerning the quality of this sort of persons.

I do not find anything in the New Testament against much speaking except as the term is indirectly used in censure of the endless repetition of the same formulas in the Pharisaic prayers; nor anywhere in Holy Writ is it spoken against except in such connection that you clearly see it is the quality rather than the muchness that is rebuked—although, at the same time, it is also clearly implied and sometimes very strongly said that there are special dangers to be guarded against in the matter of much speaking. And this, I suppose, is the reason why "bridling the tongue" is so emphatically insisted on (St. James, i. 26) as indispensable to any genuine religious goodness.

But bridling the tongue does not mean keeping it always at a dead stand-still, any more than bridling a horse. A horse is made to go, and the use of a bridle mostly is to keep him from going wrong, and to make him go right. So with the tongue. It

was made to talk, and the proper bridling of it is not in reducing it to a constant dead silence, but in restraining it from going too fast, or too far, or in a wrong direction. If, at any time, or for any good reason it ought not to go at all, then, indeed, the proper use of the bridle is to keep it from going at all; but otherwise, the use of it is to guide it in the way you wish, and at the pace you wish. It is the way our tongues go that the precepts of reason and religion bear upon; how much they go is of moral importance only as it affects the quality of their going.

It is indeed a good rule of reason and of religion —as it is expressed, I think, by Bishop Butler—to keep silence when "we have nothing to say, or nothing but what is better unsaid." The whole morality of the subject may, in fact, be summed up in the negative rule: not to say anything contrary to piety, purity, or charity. This rule observed, there is scope for all sorts of talking and much talking, for recreation, amusement, innocent mirth, social enjoyment, mutual information and instruction.

Only it is important to be kept in mind that this rule of saying nothing contrary to piety, purity or charity, is one that may be violated by those who talk but very little as well as by those who talk very

much. A single malicious word from a generally close shut mouth, may more effectually and more wickedly blast a fair name than a thousand words by a much talking man.

Yet it is to be remembered that there are—as I have said—special dangers in the habit of much talking. Temptations differ according to different dispositions. The silent are open to one sort, the talkative to another. Let every one keep special guard according to his special need.

The moral dangers those are specially liable to who, by natural disposition, are communicative, free spoken, inclined to talk much, lie, of course, in the temptation to talk of things they should not talk about, and in the way they should not. They must guard against talking too much of themselves, lest the wish to make a favorable impression on others lead them to insincere, unreal talk, or lest the wish to shine tempt them to irreverence or to the critical dissection of the characters of others, and so to detraction or uncharitable speech. It is particularly dangerous to talk much about the persons or affairs of others which are no concern of ours. Far better talk of things—events, principles, topics of public or general concern, books, music, pictures, mountains and water, trees and flowers, or even about horses and dogs, fashions and dress, than about our

neighbors and their concerns. This "gossip," as it is called, is not only a very poor, low style of talk, but it is apt to lead to taking impertinent and unwarrantable liberty with the characters, ways and doings of others. "Learned Doctor,"—said once to me the late worthy but eccentric Dr. ———, as remarkable for his style of expression as he was eminent for his learning and professional skill—"learned Doctor, don't go to Connecticut. You are idyosyncratically antipathetically related to Connecticut. You can't have an onion boiled there, but all the neighbors will want to know how many skins were taken off first." But I have lived enough around in the world to know that this is no more true of Connecticut than of any other part of the world. This prying, gossiping curiosity about their neighbors' concerns is to be found everywhere among folks of a certain sort, (especially in little rural villages,) who have not enough to do in minding their own affairs, or whose minds and hearts are not occupied with higher interests. There may be little moral harm in itself, still there is danger lest it lead to rash judging, evil speaking, or some other violation of the law of justice and of love.

The upshot of the whole matter, in a moral respect, is that our safety—whether we speak much or speak little—lies in a heart full of love to God and

man, with a constant recollection that there is One Eye ever looking into our hearts, and that there is a Register kept of our words and of the spirit of them.

IX.

DOING OUR OWN WORK.

I do not mean that we are to brush our own clothes and polish our own boots. There is nothing indeed against our doing this if for any reason we choose to do it, and on the other hand there is nothing against our not doing it if we prefer to employ others to do it for us and can afford to pay them (as we justly should) for doing it. I wish it, however, to be understood that I hold it as a matter of moral fitness that it should in one way or the other be done: no man has a right to be dirty, or untidy and disagreeable in his dress—if he can help it.

But there is work that is our own in a much higher sense than anything we may do or have done for us by others for our own personal appearance, convenience, comfort, or advantage—work that others cannot do for us, or if they could we have no right to remit it to them—work "given us to do," and which we are bound to do ourselves.

The temptation to neglect one's own work and to

busy one's self with work that is not one's own is perhaps particularly strong among women of a certain sort. The First Napoleon was not remarkable for reverence for women of any sort, but Madame De Stael was his especial aversion. He tells us somewhere how she once got hold of him and held him for a long time while she expounded her views on the way he should conduct the government of France. He listened impassively until she had run herself out, and then all he said was, "Madame, who takes care of your children?" and turned on his heel. The lady never forgave him. Not unnatural that she did not.

Perhaps the force of the temptation I have mentioned, is oftenest seen in the so-called "religious world," and noticeably among women who give themselves to the various philanthropic and charitable activities that have been so organized in our day. They are animated (it is to be hoped) by a pure benevolent spirit, although it is possible from the infirmity of our frail nature there may be blended with it the least in the world of vanity, love of notoriety or display, or the like inferior motives. But that is no business of ours. God only has a right to judge in every case. We, however, have a right to lay it down as a true doctrine that in so far as any one neglects the duties that lie around one

at home, benevolent activity outside of home is not at all commendable.

Are any of my readers unacquainted with Dickens' immortal Mrs. Jellaby? If so, let me advise them as soon as possible to become intimately acquainted with her. It will do them more good—if they are good women—than a hundred readings of all the Rev. Selah Solemn's Sermons on Sanctity, including particularly his three volumes on the Duty of Going About Doing Good. Mrs. Jellaby is really as living and perfect a creation as any of Shakespeare's, and a very wonderful creation. To understand her perfectly one must study her story in full—scarcely otherwise can one realize her sublime disregard, her astonishing unconsciousness, of all the obligations of a wife and mother, while she devotes herself to the business of benevolent societies, but chiefly to her grand project of a great Christian, coffee-growing colony at *Borioboola Gha* on the left bank of the Niger. Her house in all sorts of neglect and disorder, her parlor an untidy litter of papers and things lying about that should not lie about, her little children with torn clothes and tangled hair running wild about the house, and she herself far from nice in dress, there she sits from early morning to deep night—save when she goes out occasionally to committee or society meetings—there she sits at

her table writing circulars and appeals, and conducting her immense correspondence about Borioboola Gha—serenely undisturbed by the noise of the neglected children as they tear about, tumble down stairs, quarrel and make all sorts of confusion; while poor meek Mr. Jellaby, when he comes home at evening from his long day's business occupation, (which his wife holds in very small respect as compared with hers), has no resource after a miserable dinner but to back himself against the wall and sit screwing his head into it, while his wife continues her benevolent activity.

Mrs. Jellaby is, no doubt, a very extreme case. Not all women given to works of benevolence outside of home, neglect home duties. But still I say whoever makes Mrs. Jellaby's acquaintance will find it profitable.

It sometimes happens, even where home duties are not neglected in going about doing good, that these benevolent impulses take a practical direction that is amusingly odd. I recollect reading somewhere not long ago of an association of Charitable Sisters who fitted up a house where poor little girls should be supported and ever so beautifully trained in all good and religious ways. But subjects for their pious experiments were not as plentiful in their small place as they desired. So one day an

exploring committee of ladies unceremoniously entered the lodgings of a poor widow to whom they were perfect strangers, who was cheerfully engaged in the work given her to do as a mother in providing, by the labor of her hands, for the support of three or four little girls, whom, as well as herself and her poor room, she kept very neat and nice. After drawing from her reluctant lips such answers as they could get to the inquiries into her condition they took the liberty to put, they proposed that the mother should go into some almshouse or similar institution where she would be taken care of, and give them her children to put into their beautiful home for little girls, where all were dressed alike and kept neat and nice and taught to read and sing and sew. "Thank you," replied the woman, mildly, but with quivering lip and full eyes, "God has given me these little ones and helped me thus far to take care of them, and will, I trust, continue to help me. I think my little children are best off with their own mother, and I would not wish to part with them and live in idleness." So the Charitable Sisters went away—whether with a dim consciousness awakened that they might have a little unwarrantably endeavored to take this praiseworthy woman's work out of her hand, I do not know.

But I have perhaps said enough about neglecting

one's own work for the sake of other work not one's own, and about taking other persons' work out of their hands; I will pass to some more positive considerations on the doing of our own work.

Everything in the matter turns on the truth that life is a trust, and the practical end of living is to be true to the trust. Every person's worth in the view of right reason depends upon his fidelity in doing the work given him to do in the actual position in which he is placed. We all are where we are, and our proper work is there. Our sphere of action may be large or small, but however this may be, it is a satisfaction to know that fidelity is in every one's power,—that is to say, an honest purpose and endeavor to do precisely the work that is given us to do.

To do it well, however—or to try to do it as well as we can—that is quite essential. I have always remembered something I heard many years ago of the late Mr. Gray of Boston, "Billy Gray," as he was commonly called, who from nothing made a vast estate. Standing one day on the deck of one of his numerous ships, he observed a carpenter busy at some matter of repairs. "Johnny Thompson," said he, "why do you not do it so instead of the way you are doing it?" "Billy Gray," replied the man, "why do you speak so to me? Don't I

remember you when you were nothing but a poor drummer-boy?" "Ah," rejoined Mr. Gray, "ah, Johnny Thompson, but *didn't I drum well?*" I have thought of this a thousand times, for there is a great deal in it. To do well what we have to do, this sums up the whole practical end of living. The honest purpose and endeavor to do so puts every one on an equal footing of worthiness. It is the secret of acceptable goodness and the secret also of happiness. All true happiness, all that is worth the name, lies in a harmony between the spirit of our life and the duties of our place in life.

One of the pleasantest sights of serene happiness I ever saw, was an old woman whose life was narrowed down and restricted by infirmity to the sole activity of sitting in an arm-chair by the fireside of a humble dwelling and knitting and mending the stockings of the children and grandchildren that could work and play. Thankful for the arm-chair and the clean-swept hearth, she passed her contented and cheerful days in doing well what she could do. To me that old arm-chair was transfigured to a throne of glory more to be envied than an imperial throne filled by a selfish ambitious monarch, and a divine radiance invested its occupant and all her homely implements and humble industry

that outshone the glitter and the glare of golden sceptres and jewelled swords of State.

To do our duty well—whatever it be, whether to sweep the streets, to saw wood, or grind knives, whatever lowliest work it be—to do it well, to do it in a sense of duty, unites us to the Highest One by a bond that nothing can break, gains us a position in the infinite spiritual universe from which nothing can cast us down. We may not have received ten talents, nor two, nor even one, but only a very small fraction of one. No matter, if faithful, we shall live to just as good a purpose so far as our worthiness is concerned as though we had a million talents and improved them all. The poorest cobbler who, in a dutiful spirit, out of love to God and man, does the work of his calling, is just as acceptable as the righteous ruler of the greatest kingdom on the earth, just as acceptable as the highest archangel that stands before the Throne of the universe, or flies on flaming wings to carry the orders of his Sovereign to the armies of Heaven that have their stations among the stars.

X.

UNREASONABLE WAYS OF JUDGING.

DEAR me! how hard it is for one who freely speaks out his thoughts in print on men and manners and customs and matters of truth and moral fitness, to get along without getting into trouble with somebody or other—even though what he says is undeniably true and good, and no trouble could reasonably come of it if everybody would simply look at what he says just as it stands. Indeed, the very persons who are dissatisfied will mostly admit there is nothing wrong in what he has said and they have no fault to find with him for saying it. The trouble is on account of something he has not said. Because he has not said this, that, or the other thing which this, that or the other person thinks he might, could or should have said, they are apt to impute to him—or at least suspect him of holding—this, that or the other notion which he has never dreamed of holding, and which nothing he has said warrants the imputation or suspicion of.

For instance, because I have held up Mrs. Jellaby as a warning against neglecting home duties, I find that I have incurred the suspicion of being opposed to women engaging in philanthropic activities and in planting Christian and Coffee growing Colonies at *Borioboola Gha* on the left bank of the Niger, and such like enterprises: whereas I said nothing of the sort, and nothing that implied any such feeling. I might on the contrary have said with perfect truth —though it did not occur to me as anything that needed be said—that I highly approve of women engaging in all sorts of judicious benevolent activities, provided they do not for the sake of them neglect their duties as wives and mothers, which are their first and nearest duties.

So, likewise, because I hinted that those Charitable Sisters might have been better employed than in prying into the unwilling widow's private affairs and trying to get her work out of her hands, that is no good reason for supposing that I think slightly of Charitable Sisters and Sisterhoods. I spoke only of a mistaken direction of a praiseworthy spirit. I might indeed have said—and if I had thought of being misconceived I would have said—that so far from thinking slightly of them, I think very highly of these Charitable Sisterhoods. There are hundreds and thousands of good women that are not,

and perhaps never will be, called to the duties of wives and mothers, who have time and talent for doing good, who earnestly wish to be of use in the world, who in doing works of mercy are doing the very "work given them to do," and who can do so much more and better if banded and associated for such works, than if left to work singly and apart,— that I should rejoice to see such Sisterhoods, wisely organized and directed, everywhere established.

Bless me! to think that I, in whom all my life long the thought of woman has bred perpetual benediction, should be suspected of thinking anything irreverent about good women or their works of goodness! My consolation is that nobody who knows me would dream of such a thing. Why, don't I remember that old gentlewoman, that "widow indeed," as soft in heart as hard in face, tall as a grenadier and gaunt withal, who with energy enough for five, with a large family of children and grandchildren and servants which she took the entire care of, yet down to extreme old age, was to be seen every morning in sunshine or storm with huge black poke bonnet, driving about in her carriage— with coachman and horses whose office was no sinecure—carrying comfort and comforts to all the poor and sick within her reach, and who on the morning she died (she was past eighty) got up from

her bed and went across the room to put something in order that was awry in her drawers before she died? Blessings on her! I hope she will find some good to do and to drive about for in the place where she is gone—else I can scarcely think how there will be any rest for her.

Then, too, don't I remember those Charitable Sisters, those maiden gentlewomen, once my neighbors as well as friends, the Misses R., rich in good works as in money? One was named Mary, but she was the Martha of their hospitable household—except that she was never troubled. The other, though the younger, was immensely the larger of the two—and as good as she was large. The "gentle giantess" I used to call her, as Charles Lamb called the huge woman he described, and whose invocation I inwardly lifted up every time I saw her: "Blessings on every pound of her!" They are gone now; but the memory of their goodness lives freshly in the place where they lived and died. And while I have any memory I can never think slightingly of Charitable Sisters—and hope that all who are like them in kindly impulses will be as wise in their goodness as those sisters were.

Having said thus much to free myself from being suspected of thinking what I do not think—and that too on a matter I should be loath to be sus-

pected about—I will go on to say something further on the subject of righteous judging of men's opinions. I do not mean to commit myself to laying it down that you are absolutely never to judge of the opinions a man holds from what he does not say. There are no doubt cases of such a sort that you naturally expect and cannot help expecting the man who does not hold such or such a particular opinion to say so distinctly; you may reasonably think it the strangest thing in the world that in saying what he has said he should not have said something more in order to prevent a misconception of his views; and his silence may perhaps justify a certain degree of suspicion that he really does hold what he so strangely (as it seems to you) avoids saying he does not hold: though even in such cases you take a pretty grave responsibility if you impute the opinion to him—especially if it be one commonly considered unsound or dangerous or exposing the holder to odium or inconvenience of any kind.

But the bulk of cases are not of this sort. For the most part we are to judge a man from what he does say and not from what he does not say. When one is pursuing a particular line of thought with a particular point to reach clearly in his view, and when what he is saying is just and true in itself, and proper to the point he is aiming at, it is quite

unreasonable to require him to stop and explain himself on other points—no matter whether they almost touch upon his line of thought or are (as frequently they are) hardly within hooting distance of it; and it is very unjust to impute to him opinions he may no more hold than we do, merely because he does not thus explain and guard himself. You might as justly insist that a man believes the Moon is made of green cheese merely because he did not disclaim such a belief when he was discussing the size of that planet or its distance from the earth.

It is a very good text—that which the poor ignorant Methodist woman said first brought peace to her soul: "Every tub must stand on its own bottom," although it is not in the Bible as she supposed it was—a very good text for us to bottom our judgments upon. They should nearly always rest upon what is said and not upon anything not said. Look at what is under your eyes—look first at that and at nothing else. Is anything there laid down that is not perfectly right and true and good? If in your opinion there is, then point it out, and try to show in a clear fair way exactly why it strikes you as not altogether true and good. No man with salt enough in him to keep him sweet—no man of sense and candor—but will be willing and glad to be thus

taken up. And if along with what he has said and with which you have no fault to find, there is something else you think he should also have said, I am apt to believe no reasonable man will be displeased with you if in a candid and courteous spirit you tell him why you wish he had gone on to say that something else. But to plump down upon him in a harsh or contemptuous way and with invidious imputations is very likely to be displeasing to him; indeed he must be a man of uncommon good humor if he does not tell you his mind about you in terms somewhat more plain than pleasant.

But to consider a little more the right way of taking a man up when we are opposed to what he has said.

For my own part I never quarrel with a man for differing from me if he does not quarrel with me for differing from him. All I require is that it should be clear to him that I differ no more from him than he does from me. If he rightly understands this point and what it implies, no matter how contrary his opinions are to mine, that is no bar to my thinking as respectfully of his head and his heart as though he agreed with me—provided of course he be a man of common sense and decency. This is why I have, all my life, lived familiarly with men of all sorts of conflicting opinions on matters religious,

philosophical and political—with many of them on terms of friendly intimacy—and with much pleasure and profit. It has its special advantages: it serves to keep the mind well aired, enables you to see better how men's notions, that are contrary to yours, lie in their own minds, saves you from the narrowness and bigotry that so often come from ignorance on this point, and helps you the better to understand and combat their errors as you hold them to be, and to maintain the truth as you hold it.

No matter how much a man who is as clear about my right to differ from him as about his own right to differ from me—no matter how much such a man combats me. I rather like to battle with a great generous opponent, who battles fairly and honorably for truth and not for personal triumph. But of all things, that which I can least stand with equal mind is *unfairness* in one who undertakes to judge or oppose me. I care not how much any one combats my views; I am perfectly willing he should demolish whatever I have built up—provided he can do so fairly and honorably. But when an opponent forces upon my words a meaning that I didn't mean, a meaning that is not *in* the words, one that is contrary to my general drift and intent, and one that I may even have expressly disclaimed, and from my words thus perverted draws consequences, and per-

haps odious consequences, such as he knows I would repudiate—when he willfully does this, presuming on the ignorance or appealing to the prejudices or passions of his readers, even my incomparable good nature and sweetness of temper are disturbed. There is something so essentially mean as well as wicked in this sort of unfairness, that it is hard to keep one's self from emotions of disgust and contempt. Yet scarcely anywhere is this unfairness more frequently seen than in controversies about religion, carried on in the name of God's truth by men calling themselves Christians—especially in popular journals.

Non tali auxilio.
Nec defensoribus istis.

The cause of truth and righteousness is but poorly served by such methods.

Akin to the error of judging from what is not said, is the proneness to be looking always after the *tendency* of what is said. No matter how undeniably right and good what you say is, the very first thing with some persons is to see if it has not some possible bad tendency in this, that, or the other direction. Speak of the Water turned to Wine for the further exhilaration of the guests at the Marriage festival, at Cana, and you are told that you had better not dwell on that—it tends to encourage intemperance! In

some men's thoughts it is to be feared the Divine Worker of the Wonder scarcely escapes censure. I actually once heard a person say: "I always thought our Lord did a little wrong there!" Yet he was one of the best, most venerable, and truly religious men I ever knew. It slipt out so unconsciously and before he thought what a strange thing he was saying! And from my own observation I am quite persuaded that very many good people really have a feeling of regret that the Divine Wonder Worker ever wrought such a work—its tendency through men's abuse of it being (as they think), not good.

There is another unreasonable way of dealing with what is said which is very common, that of finding some *ill name* to put upon whatever one happens not to agree with or to dislike. This is as shallow and unjust as it is common. The question is: whether the thing said is true, not whether it is held by Papists or any others who bear an ill name? Many people seem to forget that on any other principle every article of the Creed would have to be given up. But I have no room to dwell further on this, and must conclude by hoping for myself and my readers that we may both seek for that wisdom that will guide us into a right judgment in all things.

XI.

HONORING ALL MEN.

It is a very common way of expressing ourselves when we speak of honoring a man for his moral worth—his sincerity, integrity, benevolence, bravery, magnanimity, or other good or noble qualities of character, or for his age or his station and dignity as a holder of sacred or important public trusts. Everybody understands the sort of respect, deference, or reverence, and the way of behaving that is implied in such applications of the expression. So in a less strict and proper use of the word it is common to speak of honoring men for their wisdom, talents and abilities, for great works in philosophy, art or literature; where honoring means the sentiment of admiration rather than reverence. So too we honor men eminent for public services, brilliant achievements in peace or war, important discoveries and inventions in science and its applications to the common use and welfare; where honoring means not only admiration but a proper sense of obligation for

such services and often also the bestowing of public honors—acknowledgments, dignities, and rewards—on those who have deserved them.—Sometimes we hear of men honoring others merely for their money—that is when they have got a great deal of it. But then such men are mostly incapable of respect for anything but money. And as a man whose only consequence is his money is of very little consequence, so it is a matter of very little consequence how much he is honored for it by those who are incapable of honoring anything else.

But back of all this honor rendered to men whether for their riches or station, their wisdom, talents, achievements or goodness, there is an honor due to all men of all classes, to the poor, the low, the obscure, the feeble in mind and the foolish in conduct as well as to the great, the distinguished, the clever, the wise—to the bad as well as to the good—an honor due not to what is accidental but what is essential and essentially the same in all men, namely their humanity, which by a wonderful expression has been called the "image of God," an expression which tells us that every man in his degree is what God is, a spirit rational, conscious, free, a person not a thing or a brute, a moral person as God is and as no mere thing or animal can be.

This humanity is what is sacred and inviolable in

every man; and wherever the genuine spirit of Christianity prevails this sacred inviolability is recognized. It is one of the most impressive proofs of it to see how in our courts of justice the passionless majesty of the law interposes in behalf even of the worst of criminals to protect them through every stage of their trial and to the end of life (if life be forfeited) from insult, abuse, indecency and outrage of every sort. And, mostly also, even the rude proceedings of "Lynch law" evince a sense of the sacredness of the human person.

In the worst of men there is an humanity which is inviolable. Indeed so deep seated and inextinguishable is the conviction implanted in every human being that he has rights *as* a human being which are sacred as against all other men, that there is a point beyond which the most vicious and degraded man—if we take license on account of his badness to insult, abuse and trample on him, will (though he be the veriest worm of a man) turn and rouse up against us with an indignant sense of injustice and wrong. He will say or (if he finds not clear words to say it) will feel and in some way show it: "I am bad enough, vile enough, God knows, but God gives you no right on that account to insult, abuse and trample on me." And as between us and him, God and Eternal Justice will be on his side and against us.

And if we are thus bound to respect the humanity of the worst of men, I need not say that we trample upon everything sacred when we indulge in contempt for the poor, the low, the vulgar, the ignorant on account of their poverty, lowness, vulgarity or ignorance. I do not mean that we are to shut our eyes to the differences among men in these particulars. Men stand in different relations to each other in many respects. It is not necessary to overlook these relative differences. But we are bound to have as much respect for the humanity of our inferior as for that of our superior in station. The inferior may in point of character and moral worth stand much higher than his superior in station. I have seen more than one coarse rich man far less respectable in every quality of character than his coachman. It is not necessary to choose our intimate associates from those inferior to us in position, knowledge, culture, refinement, or whatever is requisite to the mutual enjoyment of intimate intercourse. And no right-minded, worthy person among them ever expects us to do so. My servant, for instance, owes me obedience to all reasonable orders, and also a certain deference and respect of manner which I am entitled to receive. But on the other hand, as a man he stands on an equal footing with me, and in that quality of man I am as much

bound to respect him as he is to obey and respect me. And I am to show this in my language and deportment towards him, and I can do it without diminishing his respect for me; on the contrary (unless he be an exceedingly foolish or bad-hearted man) he will be the better for it, and by thus strengthening in him a proper self-respect (free from presumption on the one hand and from servility on the other) he will respect me the more and serve me with a worthier and more faithful service.

No genuine gentleman—no one who has the inward essence of a gentleman—ever treats his inferiors, servants or persons in his employment, with arrogance, insolence or superciliousness, nor yet with that sort of condescending civility which is the worst form of incivility—more wounding to men's self-respect than open insult; but on the contrary he treats them with unaffected consideration, with a simple natural kindness which says to them at once in the way of effect upon them: "I expect obedience and respect from you, but I have as much respect for you in your station—as much respect for you as men—as I have for any man in the most dignified position in the world. I would no sooner violate your self-respect, your right to be respected as human beings, than I would that of the Queen of England or the President of the United States." This is the true

test and touchstone of a genuine gentleman. And what I want to have considered is that no man —however rich or high in social position—can be anything but a very poor and miserable sort of Christian, who is not in these respects a gentleman—a gentleman that is in his essential spirit and behavior towards all men of all stations and particularly towards his servants, and towards the poor and low in station, intelligence and refinement. Does anybody imagine that those who now never treat a poor, hard-handed, meanly clad man or woman with the real respect that is due to a human being, would see anything to respect shining through the coarse garb and mean companionship of the long-time Carpenter and houseless Wanderer of Nazareth, if he were to come in like guise again on the earth, any more than did those who of old derided Him? I trow not. And if I am right in thinking so, it must be said that the Divine power of Christianity has yet a great way to go before it penetrates and pervades the great heart of what considers itself the most Christian country on the globe.

XII.

MONEY-WORTHNESS.

I SAID in my last paper, that the man whose only consequence is his money is of very little consequence. But, bless me, what a hubbub I have raised! I am told that it is monstrously foolish to say such a thing. What! insinuate that a man with a million of money may possibly be of no consequence? I shall shock thousands and make myself the scorn of tens of thousands. Those who have a great deal of money will think I ought to be "put down." They are indeed a minority, yet the great majority of mankind, though they have not much money themselves, have such a reverence for those who have, that they will unite with the others in thinking I ought to be put down. I had better take a lesson from Tom Lee the mad poet, who, when shut up in Bedlam, thus explained the philosophy of his fate: "I said the world was mad, and the world said I was mad, and confound 'em, they outvoted me." I shall surely be outvoted, and though they may not send me to Bedlam they

will certainly send me to Coventry. And, even supposing I am right in my opinion, will that pay me for being sent there? Better keep my opinion to myself.

This is the way my friends take me to task.

Which reminds me of an apologue (by Coleridge, if I rightly remember) about an old philosopher in the happy innocent infancy of the world who, having vainly warned his fellow-men of a coming rain shower that would make every one go mad on whom a drop of it fell, retired to a cave before it began, and issuing forth when it was over, found all the people—who had before passed their serene and peaceful days with no other care than that of looking after the flocks that gave them milk, and gathering the fruits that fell from the trees they sat beneath—now scratching and tearing the earth with their hands and nails, and clutching and quarreling over the shining stones they found. Taking no part in the strange eager industry, the philosopher became first a wonder and then an object of derision to the people, who finally fell to hooting and pelting him for a *mad-man*—until at last unable to stand this state of things the poor sage ran to a little hole in which some of the mad water yet remained, and wet his face and hands with it exclaiming as he did so: "It is of no use to be wise in a world of fools."

But I have a way of speaking out my thoughts which I cannot easily forego. Nor in this case am I disposed to forego it. On the contrary, in spite of the wisdom of those who take me to task, I stand stoutly by what I have said. I repeat it in a more aggravating form: the man whose only consequence is his money is a man of no consequence at all.

The common use of words is commonly quite significant of other things besides the mere fact of their common use. Think how it has come to pass and what it implies, when *wealth*, which means well-being, is taken to mean only money, and when *worth*, which means worthiness, is taken to express the quantity of money a man has. The over estimation of riches which this use of words betrays is to be found now-a-days in all countries where a high material civilization prevails, but especially in our own where the importance attached to money is not counterbalanced by institutions and influences such as exist in some other countries.

I once heard a very rich man—who had made a large *fortune* (as it is called) in the rum and sugar trade—express the intensity of his feeling in a very strong way; said he, "I hate a poor man as I do the devil." How many there may be who if candid would confess to a like feeling, I know not. I hope not a great many. It is not indeed perfectly clear

what precisely the man meant by referring to the personage he named. Evidently he was not thinking of Mammon, the God of Riches, but probably of some "poor devil" whom it was proper to hate.

For my part, whenever I come into contact with a person who values himself for his money, I am apt to think it is the only valuable thing he has. If I meet with any one taking airs upon himself, expecting respect, exacting deference merely on account of his riches, I instantly become stolidly insensible, coldly dead to his merits. I know at once that his soul is a vulgar soul; that he lacks the inward essence, the spontaneous impulses of a genuine gentleman. The purse-proud man getteth no homages from me.

On the other hand, when I fall in with a rich man whose tone and manner show that he esteems men according to their proper intrinsic worth, independently of money, that he holds a well-bred, refined and cultivated man, though never so poor, to be as much of a gentleman as he himself can be, and equally entitled to respect, I have not the slightest quarrel with him for his riches. On the contrary, I like him all the better for being rich—not merely the being rich in itself considered, but because it shows something undeniably high and fine in his nature, that he is above the temptation to esteem himself on account of his riches, which is so strong and prevail-

ing in the case of lower and coarser souls. And if he knows how to use his money with good sense and good taste in the things he surrounds himself with, I am the more pleased with him. I do not at all envy him the comforts and conveniences he is able to have. If, in addition, he is kind and charitable, generous, liberal and public-spirited in the use of his money—rejoicing in his riches more as a means and power to do good than as a means of personal indulgence, I greatly admire and honor him: because the possession of riches is a terrible temptation to selfishness and hard-heartedness, and he has not fallen under its power.

In point of truth, then, it is not the possession of great riches of money, but a purse-proud arrogant estimation of one's self on account of them or a vulgar or selfish misuse of them that is justly open to contempt. The philosophical contempt for money and admiration of poverty *per se* which was so much inculcated and praised among the ancient Stoics and Cynics is something I could never see any good reason in. When Diogenes (it was he I believe) stamped his nasty muddy old sandals on Plato's rich carpet, dirtying and staining it, exclaiming, "Thus I trample on Plato's pride," I am apt to think the calm reply of the latter; "and with more pride," hit the nail exactly on the head. The old philosopher who threw

away his leather drinking cup when he saw how some one helped himself to water by raising it to his mouth with his joined hands, doubtless thought he had taken a new degree in the true philosophy of life; but for my part I confess I cannot help regarding him as a very foolish fellow.

Money is an exceeding good thing for its proper uses. I am much of the opinion of Renè, the Dutch barber at Cambridge, when I resided at that seat of learning. Renè was a *virtuoso* in his way, a collector of curious out-of-the-way things—stuffed birds and other objects in natural history, old coins, medals, urns and vases, and other bits of antique pottery, savage arrows and arrowheads, and the like. The walls of his two rooms were thickly garnished with these things neatly put up in glazed cases. He was much pleased to be complimented on his collection; though he always made a mild disclaimer of any special merit in it—intimating that his taste was superior to anything he could show, and that his collection would be much larger and of a much higher order but for his want of means to make it so.

"Poverty," he would say, "poverty—it is no disgrace, sir, but a great inconvenience." I am quite of Renè's mind. I do not think any philosopher could put the matter in a juster or better way.

If a man likes to travel, or has an enjoyment in

building, planting and landscape creation; or in books and a large library; or is a lover of art and pleased to possess good pictures, sculptures, and the like, as well as commodious furniture in good taste and keeping;—the want of money to procure these things is a decided inconvenience. And if the man who has plenty of money and sacredly sets apart a generous portion of it for the relief and welfare of his fellow-men, chooses to spend the residue of it in the indulgence of these liberal and cultivated tastes, he is not justly to be blamed for it, and certainly none but a mean-hearted man will envy him the conveniences and elegancies and refined enjoyments he is able to procure. Who so base as to object to a Peabody's eating off plate and giving hospitable dinners to his friends, so long as he spends more hundreds of thousands for the good of mankind than thousands on himself and friends.

But the shame and the mischief of the case among us is in the inordinate greed, the universal scramble for money, not for its proper uses, but for selfish or vulgar misuses of it. We are a nation of money seekers—not from the miserly avarice which gathers and hoards it merely for its own sake as an end in itself (for this, I think, is far from being our vice as a people) but for the sake of the homage it secures, the power or influence it gives, or the rivalry with

others in ostentatious display which the extravagant expenditure of it enables one to maintain. We are terribly a nation of money-seekers for these and the like selfish and comparatively ignoble ends, with scarcely a thought or desire of becoming able to do good and promote the welfare of society actuating and sanctifying the eager incessant struggle after riches.—This is the shame. And the mischief is not only in the lowering effect on the spirit of the people and on the tone of social life, (which is both cause and effect of extravagant expenditure and vulgar ostentatious rivalry,) but in the reckless gambling disposition, the unscrupulousness, the shipwreck of integrity and honor, the defalcations and falseness to trusts, the dishonesties and frauds, that are engendered in this intense selfish struggle after great and quick-gained riches. We are going morally the road downwards with tremendous accelerating velocity, and where shall we come to? Pandemonium was built and paved with molten gold.

XIII.

THE PHARISEES.

The old Judean Pharisees of our Lord's time—how inseparably and forever they are woven into the story of the greatest historical Life ever lived upon the earth! We have no elaborate picture of them, only etchings of characteristic traits. They are spoken of as a well-known sort of persons. They are presumed rather than described. They appear here and there all along the story with brief bits of record of their notions, sayings and doings. Yet how clearly they stand out to the mind's eye!

And how all mankind agree in thinking ill of them! Quite a notable fact. For almost always historical personages or classes of historical persons given over to general reprobation have found at least some one to stand up in their behalf, to say something in their praise or defence. But has anybody ever read a Eulogy on the Pharisees? Or a Vindication of the Pharisees? Or an Apology for the Pharisees? Nothing of the sort I believe

has ever appeared. Some scattered notices of them occur in Josephus. He was one of them himself. But of their character all he says is that "the Pharisees are friendly to one another"—not a great matter of praise—and that they "are for the exercise of concord and regard for the public"—which perhaps amounted to nothing but wishing the public to be of their way of thinking and acting. Be that as it may, since his time for more than eighteen hundred years they have been—so far as I know—given up to universal odium, with none to say a good word for them.

Yet they were the high "professors of religion" of their day. They set themselves up as the godliest of men, and were so held in the general esteem. Their very name indicated their claim to an eminence of sanctity that *separated* them from the rest of the world. It was a constant proclamation: "Stand off, I am holier than thou."

They were also the upper class in every respect. All the great lawyers and statesmen of their time were among them. Their influence, social and political, as well as religious, was predominant.

But our Lord constantly, invariably, and unsparingly denounced them. They are the only class He did so denounce. He never opened His mouth about them but to reproach and condemn them.

Nowhere, within the compass of recorded speech can you find invective, sarcasm, denunciation, more sharp, biting, stern and pitiless, than He habitually poured upon them. Hypocrites, long-street-corner-praying devourers of widows' houses, blind fools straining out gnats and swallowing camels, voiders of God's law, tithers of mint and tramplers on mercy and truth, serpents, vipers, liars like the Devil, children of the Devil, children of hell and doomed to the damnation of hell,—these are specimens of His language about them. I have no space here to draw it out in detail. Somebody ought to do it at large, with graphic setting out of circumstances, time, place, etc.

And how the Pharisees hated Him! No wonder. He saw through them, and they knew it; His whole teaching and way of life were irreconcilably antagonistic to theirs; and He was uncompromisingly bent on destroying their favor and influence with the people. So they opposed Him in every way—sneered at Him, abused Him, reviled Him, maligned Him. They turned up their holy noses in scorn of Him as a low disreputable fellow, a comrade of bad men and lewd women, a glutton and a drunkard. They stigmatized Him as a despiser of God's ordinances, a sabbath-breaker, a perverter of the people, in league with the Devil; and finally, when

they saw that they must put Him down or He would put them down, they resolved on His death. They laid all manner of snares for Him, and at last got Him into their hands through the treachery of Judas, and gave Him over to the Romans and to an ignominious death. They held a pious consultation how to settle their religious scruples about using the money thrown back upon them by the remorseful traitor, and then rubbing their hands with devout satisfaction repaired to Pilate's judgment-hall to press on the accomplishment of their murderous purpose. As He hung upon the cross they stood by, wagging their heads and jeering at Him; and when He was dead they went to their homes in friendly bands, congratulating each other on being at length effectually rid of Him.

But never were men more mistaken. His death was His triumph over them—embalming Him forever in men's love, and consigning them to infamy through all time. Mankind have accepted His opinion of them, and they who sought the praise of men more than the praise of God have forever lost the praise of both.

Such were the Pharisees of our Lord's time.

But does anybody suppose the race of Pharisees is extinct? If so, he is greatly mistaken. They have survived through the ages. The history of

Puritanism, both in England and in this country, is a memorable disclosure of them. They are as much alive now as ever—and always of course to be found among the strictest "professors of religion." If our Lord were now to appear again on the earth and among us—no better heralded than at His first coming, with only illiterate work-people for His chosen attendants, and penitent publicans and sinners (infamous men and fallen women) for His followers, and were to go about denouncing all manner of high accredited shams and falsities in religion and morals, and proclaiming the same essential Kingdom of God as he did in Judea—does anybody imagine His divine pretensions would not be equally scouted by the rich, the great, the fashionable, the leaders of social opinion, by all the upper respectabilities—I do not mean merely by the irreligious or indifferentists to religion among them, but by the self-righteous, the spiritually-proud, the selfish, the covetous, who count themselves and are counted among the strictest Christians—in short by all the Pharisees of the nineteenth century? They would surely hate Him. They might not show their hatred in the same way as their ancestors did. They might not attempt His life. They might not, in this age, even put Him in the pillory, whip Him at the cart-tail, or banish Him from the land. But

they would put Him under the ban of social and religious ostracism. They would do all they could to destroy His good name and fame. They might not ascribe His mighty works to the Devil's help; they would more likely deny their reality, or after the fashion of the age explain them into delusion or imposture. They certainly would hold him for a disreputable fanatic or crazy-head. Just as certainly as the human nature of the nineteenth century is the human nature of the first, so certainly the Pharisaic spirit which rejected Christ in the first century would reject him in the nineteenth—the only difference being that they would think themselves very good Christians in doing so! In the very name of the first come Christ they would reject the new come Christ. Having garnished the tomb of the old Christ, set up the banner of His Cross inscribed all over with their own devices, and gotten into a self-satisfied comfortable religious conventionalism, they would not tolerate being disturbed in it even by the coming again of Christ Himself.

The Spirit of Pharisaism, wherever it exists, is and must forever be irreconcilably hostile to the spirit of Christ.

What is the essence of Pharisaism? Hypocrisy, mask-wearing—seeming goodness instead of real goodness;—in religion the religion of Selfishness

seeking its own advantage and comfort, not of Love overflowing in self-forgetting, self-sacrificing devotion to God and man. Hypocrisy, conscious or unconscious. Where conscious, the wilful putting on the mask of seeming goodness to deceive the world, for selfish ends or to cover up secret impiety, vice, sins, crimes.

The wilful hypocrite's eyes are open to his wickedness. There are indeed varieties and degrees in the wickedness of wilful hypocrites; and there may be shades and degrees in their consciousness of their hypocrisy. There are Thomas Trumbulls, and there are Pecksniffs, and there are others all the way between them who know their pretensions to goodness are a lie.

But perhaps the greater number of hypocrites are self-deceived. They are more or less honestly self-righteous. No doubt a great many of the Pharisees of our Lord's day were of this sort. Not all of them made long, street-corner prayers merely for a pretence, in order that they might the more safely and successfully devour widows' houses. They had defective notions of religion and goodness, which they held with honest and even bigoted conviction: notions so narrow, so defective and incorrect that they were quite able to tithe mint, anise and cummin, and yet neglect the weightier matters of

the law, justice and mercy, without self-condemnation; so they trusted in themselves that they were righteous and despised others. They thought themselves *the* righteous ones — entitled to despise others.

Of this sort was that Pharisee who went up to the temple along with the Publican to pray. He was not a bad man—as men go, but in his way an honest man in his religion and his virtue, quite exemplary in his own estimation, as also in that of his fellow men—not merely strict in fasting and exact in tithe paying, but abstaining from everything unjust, oppressive or scandalous. So he marched into the Divine Presence with bold, uplifted face, thanking God that he was so much better than most men—in particular that Publican who humbly stood so far back, with downcast eyes, smiting his breast and crying "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Jesus thought better of the Publican's penitence than of the Pharisee's satisfied self-righteousness. The bad thing in that Pharisee was not that he wilfully tried to pass himself off, either to God or to man, as better than he knew himself to be, but that he passed himself off to himself as better than he really was. He did not understand that his pride in his own goodness and his contempt for the Publican constituted an essential spiritual sinfulness,

which, in the divine estimation, put him quite below the penitent Publican. He was therefore a self-deluded hypocrite.

This, doubtless, is the nature of a great deal of the hypocrisy of the nineteenth century, as in every age before. It consists often in mistaking sanctimony for sanctity; in making religion and religious goodness to consist in notions and phrases, or in pious "frames" and feelings, or in observances of things unessential and avoidances of things innocent, rather than in true conformity of heart and will to God's will; and is apt to engender spiritual pride and self-righteousness, a censorious and uncharitable disposition and a habit of detraction and evil-speaking; and quite possibly co-existing with covetousness, worldly greed, unpitiful hard-heartedness, envy, hatred, revengefulness and the like deadly sins of the spirit.

When I began I was chiefly intending to draw out from literature and life some slight sketches of several individual varieties of Pharisaic hypocrisy, with, perhaps, some touch of humor in them. But the subject has turned itself in my thoughts and under my hand into something so serious—indeed quite aweful to consider—that I really cannot now proceed with the plan. I had rather break off with

bidding myself and my readers to ponder the words that come so impressively to my mind: "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."

XIV.

HOW WE MAY BE WORSE THAN WE CAN KNOW.

To right perception there go two things—not only the object perceived but a rightly perceiving mind. Some persons see nothing more in the most beautiful landscape than timber, quarries, and mill-seats. To some the most exquisite melodies, the richest harmonies, are little more than mere sounds or noises; and the gaudy-colored tavern-sign-picture of Washington a finer thing than Greenough's immortal statue in its severe simplicity and grand repose. All this because, as Plotinus says, " a soul not beautiful " —not pre-configured to beauty—" can never attain to an intuition of beauty." Such persons do not know that their taste is a bad taste, and they cannot know it until something of the soul and sense of beauty is awakened in them.

So the coarse ill-bred man has no conception how coarse and ill-bred he is, and cannot possibly under-

stand the disagreeable impression he makes upon the gentle, the delicate, the refined.

Now we can see that what is thus true in the sphere of beauty and of social life may be true in the higher moral sphere—and that not merely in regard to foibles, faults and wrongness of character which we may not be able to see in ourselves, though our fellow creatures plainly see them, but in regard to evil in us which lies out of their sight as well as hidden from our own, though clearly enough discerned by One Eye—hidden from ourselves either because our self-love will not look as sharply into ourselves as we look into others, or because the blinding and deadening effect of the evil itself prevents the consciousness of our faultiness or wrongness.

This unconsciousness of what is wrong in us, this inability to understand our errors, which holds true of us all, holds true no doubt in very different degrees in different persons. The best people have, doubtless, the fewest unconscious faults—for the reason that their conscience is tender and quick to note and their will prompt to repel any upspringing impulse to evil. On the other hand, where the moral sense has been deadened or perverted by long habits of evil indulgence, men may come out of the evil treasure of their hearts to bring forth evil things without thinking or feeling that they are so. The

habitual current of their souls may be made up of covetous or vain or proud or envious or malicious thoughts and dispositions, and yet they may be quite unaware of it; may even think themselves very correct and blameless persons.

Religious persons of a certain sort are liable to fall into the delusion of thinking they *do* understand their errors because they have, as they imagine, such a profound conviction of the "total depravity of their nature" and the "desperate wickedness and vileness of their hearts;" and at the same time the more corrupt and abhorrible they make themselves out to be (you may be sure though it is only in the most general terms), the more of what they call "vital piety" they take credit to themselves for possessing. But it would not do for you to take them at their word, and let them know you believe them to be really as bad as they say they are. You had better beware of that.

I remember a case in point in a book of Hannah More's that I have not seen for thirty years. It is the only thing in the book that I do remember; and though I will not undertake to give it exactly as it is set down in the book, yet the substance and point of it I can give. The hero of the story, looking about for a good wife, comes on a visit to a wealthy family of high "evangelical professors." During the pro-

gress of the dinner the hostess descants to her guest in the usual conventional style upon her "depravity of heart"—accusing herself in the most exaggerated terms (only general ones of course), of the vilest corruption and wickedness, until the good honest husband, getting uneasy and mortified, at length interrupts her: "My dear, I do not like to hear you speak in such a way of yourself. It is not true. You may have your faults, but"—

"Faults?" Mr. ———," breaks in the wife with heightened color and a sharp tone—"faults? I should like to know what they are, sir! I defy you to mention them!"

Those who are desperate sinners in general, and saints in particular, cannot be said to "understand their errors."

But to go on. Persons whose moral sense has been made feeble and their moral standard low by long habits of sin cannot rightly feel what St. Paul calls "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." What a marvelous strength of expression is that! Then, too, the action of men's conscience may be limited to a very narrow sphere upon a very low plane. Scarcely anything seems very wicked to such men except great and atrocious crimes or things quite scandalous; or if their moral sense is alive to certain wrong things it may be utterly dead to other

and perhaps greater wrong things. "Remorse!"—said the old millionary when he heard told how a celebrated statesman on his death-bed and past speech made signs for a slate and traced with dying fingers in large letters the word REMORSE and held it up to view—"Remorse? What did the man mean? Had he broken any contracts?" Breaking contracts was pretty nearly the only reason for remorse the poor rich man could imagine.

But let persons of this sort be in any way once roused to an earnest struggle after effectual goodness in every respect—in thought and will, disposition and temper, as well as in word and deed—and their moral sight will be sharpened, they will begin to perceive something of the evil affections that were so long the unchecked unconscious habit of their lives, the fewer their errors will become, and the clearer understanding they will be likely to have of those that remain; and though they can never come to understand them as He who searches the heart does, yet the more they grow in goodness the less loftily will they think of their goodness.

But it may be asked—what is the good use of showing us how it is that we are worse than we can know? To which I reply, there may be several good uses.

One is that it may help us the better to under-

stand the meaning of a litany which so many of us so frequently hear, which beseeches the Good Lord to forgive us all our "ignorances" as well as our "sins and negligences," and it is to be hoped to join more heartily in it—since a great many of our errors that we cannot understand are "secret faults," unknown to ourselves, only because we are not earnest enough in our endeavors after goodness to make the latent evil in us disclose itself to our consciousness as it would do if we were bent on nothing else so much as on becoming every day more and more what we ought to be: so we may see that many of our ignorances may need forgiveness.

Besides, what we have been considering may serve to make us of a more charitable temper. When tempted to indulge in bitterness, harshness, or contempt towards the faults of others, it will do us good to remember that there is One who sees more faults in us than we can see in ourselves, and it may be much greater than the evident faults of our fellow-creatures. We shall thus be merciful as we hope for mercy.

It will be another good fruit of what I have been saying if it makes us more watchful over ourselves, so that our errors, so far as we can understand them, may be understood, and so our secret faults may not be secret to us merely because we are too

indolent or careless to take heed to ourselves as we ought.

And above all we shall get a great benefit to ourselves from the thoughts we have been led to, if they serve to make us honest and upright in our purpose and endeavor to be and to do as we ought—however imperfect and defective we must after all be. We shall never be condemned for our secret faults—our unconscious failings and errors—if we are sincere and earnest in our will and effort to be what we ought to be.

It is not equally easy for all of us to become as good as we know we should be. Some are born saints, and some are anything but born saints. We have not all received natures equally good. Not all of us have temperaments equally well balanced. Some of us have much more natural sweetness of disposition, much less strength of appetite and passion, or much more strength of will than others. God does not think any better of us on that account. Some of us may be very unfortunately constituted in these respects. God does not think any the worse of us on that account. All He requires of us is to strive honestly after goodness, improving the Help He gives to us all. It may be very hard work for some of us to become good, but with His help we can become so—and the harder the work the

greater the virtue. And we may comfort ourselves with the thought that if we are honest and faithful in the struggle, the final victory will be ours, and meanwhile continual allowance will be made for our short-comings.

And it is a great and beautiful thought that we may—through sincere and persevering endeavor and by such Help as we shall be sure to have—grow more and more into such a Habit of goodness that our unconscious faults shall be less and less, and the spontaneous working of our souls more and more pure and right: so that we shall come to be in a sort like the angels who make no reflections on their own goodness; love to God and man, devout thoughts and gracious affections, shall come to be the very life of our souls flowing on unconsciously in a current which even delirium would not interrupt but only serve to reveal to those around us.

XV.

ZYTHUM: AN ADVENTURE IN YANKEE LAND.

"No, my learned friend," said Doctor Oldham, pushing back the thick clustering gray hair from his ample forehead, and turning his great benignant face full on the little Professor. "No, my learned friend, the *Meleagris* of the ancients has nothing to do with our modern turkey. Nor has the old distich you quote anything to do with the question—even if it were correct in its chronological determinations,—which is not the case. It is not true that

> Turkies, carps, hops, pickerel and beer
> Came into England all in one year.

Dr. Dryasdust has disposed of that question; he has eliminated the part of truth from the part of error in those old lines, and settled the whole matter upon an incontrovertable basis.

"The turkey is an American bird—the gift of the New World to the Old. And the pumpkin pie is an American invention; or, to give honor strictly where honor is due, a New England invention: indeed,

roast turkey and pumpkin pie, taken conjointly, that is, in due sequence and connection, is a New England institution. The godly fathers of New England regarded them in this conjunction as the height of gustatory perfection. They were bitter against Christmas Day and all the old Popish holidays; but they had one festival, their annual Thanksgiving Day; and they consecrated their best cheer to honor it and make it joyous after their solemn fashion."

"Glad homage pay with *awful* mirth," interjected Phil.

"Just so, my son," said the Doctor, with a grave nod; "and inasmuch as dancing and all the old holiday sports and games were an abomination in the eyes of those godly old Commonwealth founders, and therefore equally, as they thought, were, or ought to be, an abomination in the eyes of the Lord, so there was nothing left for them in the way of festival enjoyment but good eating and drinking—an enjoyment, moreover, which they did not hold to be sinful or unseemly; rather, on the contrary—seeing the Papists and Prelatists (whom their souls abhorred) had so many fast days, and made so much merit of their observance—they were disposed to hold an ample enjoyment of the good creatures of God in virtuous esteem, as a mark of soundness in the faith, provided these creature

comforts were indulged in with due gravity and solemnity, within the bounds of temperance, and provided also that roast goose and mince pies were not eaten on the 25th day of December. It was doubtless a matter of grim satisfaction to them that they had something so much better than the Christmas goose to set apart for Thanksgiving Day, and especially something so entirely free from any pagan, or (what was worse) any papistical, prelatical or other heretical association.

"So roast turkey and pumpkin pies became a sacred institution. Not without solemn libations. Those godly men knew how to make good cheer of brave drink. What tall tankards of humming ale they filled and drained. What capacious bowls of mighty punch they brewed and emptied. They said a long grace, and then they took a long pull. Their visages were serious and their drinking deep. Their heads were never the worse for their liquor. They made great account of temperance."

"Temperance!" interjected Phil again; "it would now-a-days be thought a queer kind of temperance."

"True, my son," replied the doctor; "they would not now be regarded as the most suitable persons to be appointed as temperance lecturers. But then, Phil, you must consider the times. The modern light had not then shined. They were temperate

according to their light. They did not confound temperance with abstinence; they made a distinction between them, thinking that the possible abuse of God's creatures was no argument for abjuring all use of them. But then, on the other hand, perhaps they did not think enough on the question how far fervent charity and a very great love for those whose weak heads and weak wills make abstinence the only safe temperance for them, should sometimes lead even the strong-headed and strong-willed to a disuse of things that may intoxicate, without thereby confounding (as some persons now do) the plain distinction between temperance and abstinence to the great abuse of language, reason, common sense and Holy Writ.

"But however this may be, they went greatly for temperance—after their idea of it. They held all excess in deep disgust; the more so, as their enemies, the deboshed cavaliers, carried their drinking to such lengths of profane riot. But they did not, on that account, abjure and proscribe all indulgence in good cheer. What they insisted on was that a man should take his liquor gravely, thankfully, and religiously, and take no more than his head could carry. If all men would follow their example, they saw no harm. If any perverted it, whose was the fault? Let every man answer for himself.

"So they never denounced a temperate cheer, nor made laws against it. They made laws against everything they disliked—against Papists, and Prelatists, and Quakers, and Anabaptists, and Witches; against Christmas Day, and May Day and all the old holidays; against all holiday games and sports, May poles and Morris dances and all other dances; against play-acting and play-going; against all profane music, glees, trolls, catches and drinking-songs, and every kind of mirth and jollity wherein mankind take a natural delight; against all Sunday playing or working, or walking, or riding, except going to "meeting." Dr. Dryasdust doubts whether there is sufficient proof to warrant the common assertion about their making laws against a man's kissing his wife or allowing his beer to work on the holy Sabbath. But this apart, there is almost nothing unregenerate human nature is prone to that they did not make laws against. But they made no laws against good drink. They made laws against drunkenness, as well as against gambling, lying, lechery, blasphemy and other vices; but they made no laws punishing a man for taking a drink or selling a drink.

What changes since those old days. New England, in the persons of its sons, has spread itself out all over the land, I had almost said all over the

world, carrying with it everywhere the institution of Thanksgiving and Pumpkin pies; but in New England itself, what changes in faith and morals, laws and institutions, thinking and feeling, manners and ways.

Go into New England now, and you will find flourishing there nearly everything those grim old fathers hated and made laws against. Papists and prelatists, bishops, priests and deacons, Romish and Protestant, friars, monks and nuns, may now walk on all highways and byways, as cool and comfortable as if there never was a time when the land was too hot for them. Quakers and Anabaptists go arm in arm with the great-great-grandsons of those by whom their own great-great-grandfathers were pilloried and branded and flogged out of godly precincts into the howling wilderness outside. The laws are no longer valid against witches, old or young, ugly or handsome; they practice their sorceries, they weave their spells and charms, disturb men's sleep, give them the heart-ache, and make all manner of capricious mischief—the young and pretty ones, while the older ones put out their signs as fortune-tellers, or keep apple stands on the street corners—without any fear of being burned to death, if they should prove too light to drown. Churches and convents with crosses on top stand side by side

with the old "meeting houses," under the equal shadow of the law. Everywhere you will find Christmas Day coming round every year, and Christmas carols and greetings, and Christmas trees and greens and games; and in the great towns, theatres and plays, and play-actors and play-goers, while all over the land, in every town and village and quietest nook, you may hear sounds of light-footed music, and see young men and maidens whirling in strange-figured dances—their fathers and mothers looking on with smiling pleasure at sights their godly forefathers would have likened to Satan's Carnival or Beelzebub's wedding ball.

What a changed state of things! so much that the old fathers made laws against, their sons now permit or approve. And as if to make the contrast more complete, they have come at last to make laws against all selling of good drink—almost the only thing their forefathers made no law against. And this reminds me of a little incident that happened to me as I was up along the valley of the Connecticut a few years ago.

It was late in the afternoon of a hot August day that I arrived at W——'s, in the beautiful village of N——. I was very dusty, very hungry and very thirsty, having taken nothing since six o'clock in the morning. I asked to have dinner as soon as

possible; and by the time I had brushed off and washed off the dust, the dinner was as ready for me as I was ready for it. A very good one, too, even for one not half as hungry as I was.

But I have said I was thirsty as well as hungry, and water did not seem to be the thing I required. So I desired the waiter to bring me some ale. He left the room, but immediately returned with the clerk—a grave, respectable-looking person—who with mild courtesy expressed his regret at being unable to gratify my wish, adding:

"We have no ale, sir: we do not keep it."

"I am sorry for that," said I, "for then I cannot have it; and I am particularly desirous of some now."

"Perhaps, sir," said he, "I can give you something you may accept in place of it."

"Bring it, if you please," I replied.

He bowed politely and retired, but in a moment or two returned with a stone jug in his hand, the cork drawn, and pouring out some liquor into my tumbler, set the jug by its side, and with a grave and quiet bow vanished from the room.

I took up the tumbler. It was filled with a dark brown liquid, with something like a froth on top. It looked very much like ale. "But it cannot, of course, be ale," said I to myself, "since that respectable person assured me he had no ale to give

me." I raised it to my lips. "It may not be ale," said I, continuing my soliloquy, "but it tastes like it. I like it just as well—better, indeed, than most ale. What is it?" I took up the jug. It was labelled "*Superior strong zythum. This beverage is warranted to keep in any climate.*"

"Zythum!" quoth I myself again: "what is that? I never heard of it before. Very good drink, any way." I sat down the jug and took another taste from the tumbler. "Very good drink; it is certainly 'superior,' and no doubt 'strong;' but as to its 'keeping in any climate,' I don't believe there is any climate in which it would keep long if it were where my friend Langpull could get at it."

So I soliloquized. But the mystery of zythum puzzled me. I laid down my knife and fork, and tasted the liquor again—this time with a concentrated, resolute, close-lipped, penetrating, interrogating taste—a taste bent on knowing what it was it was tasting.

"Zythum!" said I aloud, after a moment's consideration, bursting into a prolonged laugh, to the amusement and amazement of the waiter.

"I'll thank you," said I, addressing that functionary, as soon as I recovered myself, "to ask the clerk if he will be so good as to come here."

That polite official soon presented himself, bland and grave, as before.

I held up the jug to his view.

He looked at the jug and then at me, with a countenance void of all expression, save, perhaps, of very mild inquiry as to what I might mean, or wish by the action.

I turned the label full to his eyes.

Not the slightest change in his face.

The imperturbable gravity of the man set me laughing again. Not a muscle of his face relaxed at the sight of my mirth.

"Zythum," said I, pointing to the word and emphasizing it with the forefinger of my right hand, as I carried the jug close to his eyes with my left, "Zythum! what is it?"

"I do not know, sir," he replied, with polite seriousness, "I do not know anything about it, except that it is zythum."

"Zythum," said I incredulously, imitating at first his quiet tone and utterance, and then exploding the word with a contemptuous jerk, "Zythum? why, sir, it is ale, strong ale."

"O! no, sir," he rejoined, with simple, earnest gravity, "no, sir, we keep no ale, we sell no ale."

I burst into another fit of laughter, so irresistibly comical did the man's grave denial strike me.

Not a line of his face relaxed in sympathy with mine.

"Well, give me, if you please, this label, if you can take it off."

He took the jug and left the room. In a short time he returned and handed me the label, which he had taken off and dried and smoothed.

I thanked him, and as I was putting the label in my pocket-book, I said to him:

"But, why do you *not* keep ale?"

"We are forbidden by law to sell it," was the reply.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir, the Prohibitory Liquor Law."

"Ah! yes, true; I had forgotten it. And so you sell zythum instead?"

"Yes, sir, but it's all Greek to me!"

There was an infinitesimally small fraction of a twinkle in the man's eye as he said this, but I thought nothing of it at the time, nor for several months afterward, and the word zythum remained for me a mystical, rather, I should say, a purely arbitrary word, adopted only because the good liquor must have some name—just as we call the things we wear on our hands *gloves*, and the French call them *gants*, for no other reason, in either case, that I know of, but the necessity for some name.

But not long after, dining one day at Judge Ryland's, I happened to relate the story. The next day I received a note from that very nice young lady, his niece, Miss Braham, bidding me look for the word zythum in a certain folio dictionary of the English language famous for containing words not English. I could not follow her direction by looking into the dictionary, that being a book I did not then possess. But it put me upon looking into the matter—which I had not before thought of doing—and at length the mystery stood revealed.

"Whew!" said I to myself, the recollection of what I had scarcely thought of at the time flashing upon me. "Whew! that clerk's eye did not gleam into that crepusclar twinkle for nothing. He was a more learned philosopher than I who used once to read Plato by the hour without needing a lexicon at hand."

"But, father, what was it?" asked the Doctor's little boy, Fred; "I want to know."

"So do I, too," said Lily. "Pray what does the word mean?"

"Phil shall tell you; he shall find it for himself and you," answered the Doctor as, following his wife's signal, we rose from the table and returned to the library.

The Doctor afterward bestowed the label on me,

and I bestow a fac-simile of it upon thee, courteous reader, who art at the same time curious to know strange things, so that thou mayst have not only before thy mind the fact, but also before thy eyes the visible form and image of the fact, how a single word enables the descendants of the Puritans to enjoy a beverage as potent as their forefathers drank without breaking the law that forbids the sale of ALE.

Behold it: therein is not original Hebrew, nor Sanscrit, nor any sacred language, nor any of the profane tongues of the Old World, but original Yankee:

Superior Strong

ZYTHUM.

This Beverage is warranted to keep in any climate.

But as for the mystery of the word, if thou knowest it not, thou shalt never learn it from me. I am under a vow of silence. Go to the oracle. Go where the Doctor sent his son. Only this much I may say for the consolation of that Langpull of whom the Doctor made mention in a way that sug-

gesteth much concerning the quality of the man's tastes or needs, that the Doctor was well persuaded a man might manage to live in a country where they sell zythum, even if the law forbid the sale of ALE.

XVI.

SOCIAL REFORMS AND REFORMERS.

There are some maxims without a profound conviction of which and an ability to make a right practical application of them, it is a very dangerous thing for men to set up as philanthropists and social reformers. They must well understand that things distinct should be always distinguished; that no theoretical error but in the long run works practical mischief, and that in point of fact nearly all practical mischiefs proceed from some theoretical error; that according to the subject-matter about which anything is affirmed or denied, while only one of two contrary propositions can be true, yet both may be false; and hence the greatest practical mischief may come from taking the reverse of wrong for right.

It is from the want of a clear conviction of these truths that so many extravagances, fanatical excesses, and so much moral corruption have proceeded in the sphere of philanthropy and social reforms.

Absolute and unqualified positions—affirmative or negative—are taken where the matter is purely contingent, and where of course both the affirmative and negative must necessarily be false. This is the reason why such a prodigious tendency to infidel contradiction or rejection of Christianity has shown itself in the history of modern movements for moral and social reform. Christian truth, as it lies in the sacred documents which disclose the Divine contents of the Christian religion, is an organic whole—a synthesis made by the just subordination, co-ordination and harmony of opposites. It cannot be logically cut to pieces, nor one part torn live asunder from the living whole. Such a process is destructive to the life of the whole and of all its parts.

Of course such reformers as I refer to must, in many cases, find themselves squarely confronted and brought to a stand by the spirit and tenor, the general strain and teaching and sometimes the clearest and most explicit assertions of Holy Scripture in the matter of Christian doctrine or morals. In such a case it is natural, and by no means an uncommon thing, for these reformers to take an infidel stand at once and say boldly, "So much the worse for the Christian religion and its Divine pretensions."

It was a wise saying of that wise and good old man, Bishop White, that from all his reading of history and observation of life, he was convinced that no super-scriptural standard of morals on any point was ever set up but it ended, sooner, or later, in the subversion or corruption of the very virtue it was intended to promote. This is the substance of his saying. It is profoundly true. And the Romish discipline in regard to clerical celibacy is a proof in point—on which, however, I cannot dwell. It is enough for any thoughtful person that I have suggested it. The history of religious asceticism would furnish many illustrations. I might also refer to other instances, in the history of modern social reform movements. But I must content myself with laying it down as an undeniable position, that an extra-scriptural standard of morals on any point is not only false, but is also in the long run as subversive of the true standard as the grossest anti-scriptural standard can be.

I have perhaps said enough for those who can see at once the truth and importance of the suggestion I have made, and who are able to draw out for themselves the practical guidance they contain. But there is one point I wish to enforce a little more.

There are undoubtedly a great many good and

desirable things included in the general scope and aim of modern attempts at moral and social reform; and many good people, in their benevolent zeal for the accomplishment of good ends, are drawn into these movements. Now this is what I have to urge: that all good Christian people may be sure —whether they see theoretically why or how it is so or not—that there must be something wrong, erroneous and mischievous, in any principles, views or notions put forward in the interest of any social or moral reform or improvement, which contradict the teaching or impeach the conduct of our Lord Jesus Christ. No matter how great and desirable the object aimed at may be, how benevolent the impulses that prompt to its accomplishment, how zealous and eloquent its advocates or what multitudes they draw along with them; it is certain that everything which militates against the word and example of Christ, is in some point or other, false, and will work moral mischief instead of good, as its ultimate result. Anything, however specious, however seemingly true and salutary it may be—which directly or indirectly leads men to overlook, to explain away, or to pervert what is plainly contained in the teachings of Christ and His apostles, or goes to impair men's reverence for it, tends, ultimately, to an infidel rejection of the Christian religion, and in hun-

dreds or thousands of cases such has been the actual result. This is enough to impose upon all good Christians the obligation of rejecting at once whatever sets up to be in morals other, higher, purer, stricter, or in any way better than the morals taught and exampled by our Lord. The morals of the Christian religion are Divine and perfect. Whatever is more than it contains is worthless; whatever is less is defective; whatever is at variance with it is false and bad.

XVII.

A TALK WITH A REFORMER.

What I said at the end of the last paper brings back to my recollection something that happened a good many years ago.

I had promised to give an Address to an Academic Society in a college in northern Vermont. Three or four weeks before the appointed time for fulfilling my engagement, I went up from New York to Saratoga, intending to write my discourse there in the intervals between drinking the waters, sauntering about and observing the ways and doings of the place.

This was long before the irruption of the Goths and Vandals, of gamblers and blacklegs, of "Shoddy" and "Oil" with their wives and daughters glittering with excess of diamonds. Still then, however, the women dressed at each other in rivalry, and beaux and belles carried on remarkable flirtations. In short, there was much to amuse an idle looker-on.

But I had something else to do besides being an idle looker-on. And I found Saratoga no Helicon. The Muses were not there; at least for me it was decidedly a case of *a—musement* (*vacare a Musis*). Neither was there inspiration in the waters; Congress Spring was no Aganippi; Hamilton Spring no Hippocrene. The Oration was not getting written as fast as it should be.

So I gat me away and went on my course northeastwardly to a lone tavern at Shoreham, near the foot of Lake Champlain over against Old Ticonderoga; and there for ten days I was the only guest of the house, and finished my discourse.

At the end of the time, going down one evening to tea, I found the long table in the dining-room crowded with travellers just arrived, and intending to cross the lake the next morning on their way to Saratoga.

Directly opposite to me sat a middle-aged man with a big head, coarse black hair, beetling brows from under which shot out the sharp gleam of a pair of very black eyes. His skin was swarthy and sallow; his face close shaven; his mouth large, with firm set lips; and his chin a very square obstinate looking chin. He was carelessly dressed in a suit of somewhat rusty black, with a white cravat tied negligently around his shirt-collar-less neck. Quite

a remarkable looking person. Evidently an educated man, but not a refined one.

This man soon began to talk and pretty soon took the talking pretty much to himself—not exactly in an objugatory, truculent, ferocious style, like Mr. Honeythunder (whom Dickens had not then created) but in the strong decided way of one accustomed to lay down the law and be listened to with deference.

I gathered that he was a Philanthropist and a Reformer, and that he and some of the other travellers just arrived were going to Saratoga to attend a great Temperance Convention there, and to inaugurate a new departure in the Temperance "movement"—to proclaim the doctrine and duty of Total Abstinence. It was time, he said, to take stand squarely and firmly on this platform. Total Abstinence alone could put an end to the vices and crimes and miseries that afflicted the world. To drink intoxicating drinks of any sort, and in any measure, was a sin in itself; and every man who would not give up the practice was obnoxious to righteous denunciation as an intemperate man.

In this strain he held forth at considerable length—every little while looking across the table at me. I had finished my supper, but sat listening in silence, with an entirely impassive face. This

apparently was not satisfactory to him. At length catching my eye he said :

"Do you not agree with me, sir?"

"I beg you will excuse me from saying anything," I replied good-naturedly and courteously.

This would have been enough if he had been a well-bred man. He would have let me off. But he had not the tact or the delicacy of a gentleman ; so he persisted :

"But why not answer my question?"

"Because I prefer to be silent."

"But why should you prefer to be silent?"

"Because I have no opinion to give."

"No opinion," said he, with an air of lofty disdain. "No opinion on a subject of such momentous importance as this is, and at a time when all good men are coming to take stand for the cause of God and human welfare! No opinion!"

I inclined my head with a pleasant nod, and said nothing. But he was not to be put off.

"Do you think it morally creditable in a young man like you to have no opinion on such a subject as this?"

"Pardon me," I replied, (though perhaps I had better have maintained my silence—I should do so in such a case now-a-days). "Pardon me, I did not say I *had* no opinion, but that I had none to *give.*

As a young man, I did not wish to go into an expression of my opinions here at this table full of entire strangers to me."

"But you could at least have said yes or no to the question I asked you. That needn't have troubled you."

"I supposed," I replied, "that you would at once infer from what I did say that I did not quite agree with you. But since you insist on a direct answer, I am obliged to say I do not agree with all that you have advanced."

"Well," said he, "I think you ought to be willing to say wherein and why you disagree with me."

"I do not think I am under any obligation to do so," I replied; "but as you press me so, I must take the liberty to say that it seems to me some of your principles are contrary to the Holy Scriptures."

"What are the Scriptures I contradict?" he asked.

"I may be quite unable," said I, "to recollect at once everything in them that bears on the question; but since I have been drawn on to say what I have, I will refer to one passage that occurs to me at the moment, which, it seems to me, is quite conclusive against your doctrine that all wine-drinking is a sin. It is in the Psalms, where corn, wine and oil are put as the three capital representatives of God's

good gifts to man: "bread to strengthen man's heart, oil to make his face shine, and wine that maketh glad man's heart;"—bread for nourishment, oil for ornament or health of skin (as was then thought), and wine for exhilaration."

"Ah," said he, "that don't prove God gave wine for exhilaration. It tells only of the effect, not of the Divine intention."

"Then I suppose," said I, "we are to conclude that bread was not divinely intended for nourishment, nor oil for health and beauty of skin, but that these are only incidental results."

The man, I presume, was not so much wanting in logical faculty as not to see that his argument proved too much. But some folk when they are worsted in argument become uncivil.

"I incline to think," said he, "that you must be overfond of the exhilarating cup yourself."

"Well, that is taking something of a liberty with one whom you never saw before," I replied, with a smile; "and I will now take a liberty with you, which I think you have given me the right to take; it is to ask you one question.

"You have told us you are going to Saratoga to annul the old distinction between temperance and abstinence, and to proclaim the doctrine and duty of totally abstaining from using, in any degree, any

sort of beverage that can intoxicate—and that not merely on the ground of expediency, or of charitable example, but of the absolute sinfulness *per se* of drinking anything that contains an alcoholic ingredient. It occurs to me that there is something in the life of Jesus that may have been a little troublesome or perplexing to your thoughts.

"At all events, suppose now that it should be revealed to you here to-night by a divine revelation, which it would be put in your power to authenticate beyond all possibility of denial or doubt, that the Gospel story of the Marriage at Cana, in Galilee, had in some way got corrupted in all the manuscripts that exist, or of which we have any account, and that the true story of the matter was this: that Jesus going there found six large vessels of *wine*, (not water) set out for the further use of those who had already been drinking wine, and that He miraculously turned that wine into water.

"In such a case would you not, as a minister of the Gospel (which I take it you are), be delighted to go to Saratoga to-morrow with such an emendation of the Gospel story?

"This is the question I put to you, and which, under the circumstances, I have a right to expect the answer to in a single word, yes or no."

The man hesitated a little, but after some polite insistance on my part, he said yes.

I told him I had presumed that would be his feeling.

I added: "but in case you don't get any such revelation here to-night, (and I don't believe you will), and have to go to Saratoga to-morrow with the Cana Marriage story standing as it does in your New Testament, and after proclaiming the absolute sinfulness of all wine drinking, suppose some one there should ask you publicly, whether you don't think Jesus did wrong in drinking wine and in miraculously making it for others to drink!

I don't ask you to tell me what your answer would be, for I have promised to ask but one question, and have got the answer I expected from you as a frank and fair man."

He glowered at me for a moment or two from under his heavy brows. What he might have said I do not know: for one of his fellow reformers immediately exclaimed, "Well, for my part, I have always thought, ever since I became a *teetotaler*, that Jesus did wrong, and this among other things has made me give up my faith in him and in his religion."

This exclamation created a good deal of sensation and confused remark, amidst which I left the room.

When I came down to breakfast the next morning

I found that the travellers had all gone early across the lake on their way to Saratoga, and I never saw my dark-browed friend again. It is possible that on his way, ruminating on the talk of the night before, he may have hit upon a way of reconciling the conduct of the Divine Wonder-worker with the doctrine of the sinfulness of drinking (and, consequently, providing for others) anything alcoholic—the theory, namely, that the wine which was miraculously made out of the water contained no alcoholic quality.

Who knows?

At any rate, pretty soon thereafter that theory came into vogue. It is a very convenient way of getting round a difficulty for those who do not wish to give up their faith in Jesus and his religion, and do not like to hold both sides of a contradiction—only it is a theory which all competent scholars and historical critics are now, I believe, agreed in discarding as destitute of any basis in fact.

But then some people can stand on nothing. Which was more than Blondin could do, though he required very little to stand on.

I believe I ought not to conclude without adding, that while I am clear it is a bad thing to confound the distinction between temperance and abstinence, or to hold the latter to be a virtue in itself and a

higher one than the former (which is untrue in point of doctrine), yet I am equally clear that nobody will ever become a drunkard who never drinks; and those who cannot use temperately what God gives and Jesus provides for temperate use, had best abstain from any use of it, as a matter of dutiful prudence in their own case, though not anything for them to be particularly proud of, much less entitling them to think more highly of themselves than of those who by God's help are able to use His gifts without abusing them.

XVIII.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

FOR a number of years past a number of "Woman's Rights" women have been going about the country holding conventions and making speeches—very earnestly (and I suppose very honestly) trying to undo what God has done. But although they have made themselves foolishly conspicuous and conspicuously foolish, yet I have never felt the least in the world disposed to interfere with their liberty of perambulation and of speech, because the right to be foolish is one that I could not deny, or at all events one that women are as much entitled to exercise as men. Being sure, too, that God was stronger than they, I have never felt the least in the world alarmed, as I certainly should have been if I had thought there was the slightest chance of their ever actually doing what they were trying to do. I have been serenely free from all fear that they would ever be able to subvert the divine relation between man and woman indestructi-

bly established in the constitution and nature of both. Some mischief, some harm, they might work here and there in individual cases, but no universal and enduring evil, no permanent overthrow of the divine order of the world. In fact, I have sometimes found not a little amusement in watching the travels and noting the speeches of these perambulating and speech-making women, which is perhaps a thing I ought to be ashamed to confess; for certainly I should have been so greatly ashamed of my mother, or wife, or daughter, engaged in any such folly, that I could have found no amusement in it, and, therefore, in serious strictness, ought to have felt nearly equally ashamed to see any women employing themselves in such an unwomanly way.

Besides, as in all untruths and unwisdoms that get into any vogue, have any growth, and gain any even temporary discipleship and following, there must be some grains of truth and wisdom—or else they could not stand for a day—so in this case I have felt there were some things not without reason urged by these fair reformers. I do not mean in regard to the right of political suffrage for which they are so clamorous, for there is neither truth nor wisdom in some of their clamor. It is utterly and absolutely false to say that the right of suffrage is a primordial, natural, or inherent right, pertaining to

every human being as such. It is merely and simply a prescriptive right, a privilege or function to be granted by society as it shall judge to be most expedient for the interests of the state. Whether it would be wise for society to confer it upon women and upon all women is another question. For myself, I doubt the wisdom of doing it, partly for the same reason that I doubt the wisdom of conferring it upon all men, as well as for some other reasons; while, at the same time, I see no particular objection to conferring it upon certain classes of women if they choose to exercise it. I do not suppose that there would be any direct detriment to the interest of the state, to political or civil affairs, in giving the right to *all* women any more than in giving it to all men. My objection is grounded on the harm it would do to the women, and the evils it would indirectly work to the best interests of the human race.

But it is in relation to some other matters besides this of suffrage that I think there is room for amendment in the condition of women.

I take it for an undeniable truth that the multiplication and continuance of the human race is the divine reason for woman being physically formed as she is, and therefore that to be wives and mothers is one of the ends for which women exist—an eminent, peculiar, and distinctive end—just as to be

husbands and fathers is an eminent, peculiar, and distinctive end for which men exist. And, in point of fact, this ordinance of God, determined by the constitution of the sexes, gets itself generally observed. The great bulk of men are husbands and fathers, and the great bulk of women are wives and mothers. It falls out rightly and fitly, also, that while fulfilling their sacred duties as mothers, the material needs—the maintenance and support of the mothers and children—are generally provided for by the fathers.

But there are exceptions to the general rule. There are women who are not and never will be wives and mothers, and have only their own industry to rely upon for their support. There are also women left widows and often with children, without any means of livelihood other than their own exertions. For such women there ought to be a better chance than they have—a much larger variety of feminine industries, and a great deal better paid. It has a hundred times made my blood boil with indignation to read the accounts of the undeniable wrongs, meannesses, oppressions, and cruelties, of which women are made the victims at the hands of capitalists and employers, to whom they are obliged to apply for work to keep them from starving. It is a burning shame to society. Something should be

done to rescue these helpless creatures from the heartless harpies that prey upon them. I would gladly unite in any wise and well-devised efforts to secure to women, who are obliged to work for a living, suitable and remunerative employment. Meantime, I have to say that many of them suffer needlessly through their own foolish and faulty pride. Thousands of women are dying by inches in poor garrets, or in the foul air of shops in New York, getting barely enough to keep them poorly alive from day to day by incessant plying of the needle by day and night, who might find in thousands of families, good homes, good food, good lodging, healthful work, kind treatment, and good payment, out of which they could lay aside every month more than they now receive for stitching themselves to death.

There is one other matter in which I go with these Woman's Rights women. The law should, if it be possible, provide some security against the wife's property, whether of inheritance or of her own earning, and necessary for her own or her children's support, being squandered by drunken or idle and worthless husbands.

These things done, I do not see but women would have pretty nearly all the peculiar rights to which they are entitled.

But as to the tone these Woman's Rights women have quite recently assumed, and the things they say, I have some advice and some warnings to give which must be deferred to another paper.

XIX.

THE SPIRIT OF SOME WOMAN'S RIGHTS WOMEN.

I SAID I had something to say in regard to the spirit that appears to actuate some of the Woman's Rights women.

Some five years ago, they set up a periodical called *The Revolution.* I read all the numbers issued during the first year of its publication. What in general struck me first and most strongly was the spirit of bitter hatred towards man that breathed through all the pages of that journal.

How long the publication lasted, or whether it still goes on, I do not know. But from newspaper reports of speeches and resolutions that have, from time to time, appeared up to this day, I gather that these women's hearts are not any softer towards men; rather, indeed, I fear they have "improved the wrong way"—as the man in Molière's play said, when he saw his friend, whom he thought dead, advancing to shake hands with him: "My old friend's

ghost! He was never very handsome, and death has improved him very much the wrong way."

I have at hand only a single number (the fourteenth) of the journal I have mentioned. It fairly represents the spirit of all the other numbers that I have read. I make it the text of what I have to say.

It is full of a vindictive truculence towards man that is really quite frightful. It is not a whit too strong to say that as long as things are as they are, and until these women can get their will and way, they consider the relations between woman and man as essentially antagonistic, that they of right are, and will rightfully continue to be, in a state of war against man.

Now all this is as foolish as it is wicked.

In the first place, they can never imbue the bulk of women with their spirit. This is matter for twofold thankfulness to us men;—we are thankful, for the sake of the women themselves, to be able to feel sure that comparatively a few only can ever be so miserably corrupted in their essential womanly nature, and thankful for ourselves to be relieved from all fear of the wretched consequence to ourselves (as well as to them) that would ensue if they should become thus corrupted.

It is foolish in the next place, because just in pro-

portion as these leaders show such a spirit and talk in such a way of what they would do if they had the power, (and they are clear that the right of voting once gained, everything they want to do will be in their power to do,) they excite an opposition to giving them that right, for reasons such as did not exist ten years ago. The great majority of men were then unfavorable to their demand, not from any fear of political or civil detriment, but of the deteriorating effect on woman herself and the indirect harm to the highest well-being of the human race.

But now they talk in such a frightful way, the odds are the men will feel they must go stoutly against their access to the ballot-box—in self-defence, for their own safety's sake, as well as to rescue their mothers, sisters, wives, daughters, and womankind at large and in all future time from the degradation and ruin of their proper womanhood which the practical carrying out of such talk would inevitably entail. It really would not be safe for the men to be left—it makes one shake in his boots at the thought of being left—to the mercy of women so bitter and hostile as these women appear to be. They talk about "equal rights;" but it is very clear they think their rights incomparably more sacred than any rights man can have. Their motto is:

"Men, their rights and nothing more; Women, their rights and nothing less." There it is! A state of war. Men on one side, women on the other—two belligerent powers in hostile array. They want no "favors" from man but simply "justice," and that they mean to "*fight*" for. And in the fight have they not centuries of old hideous wrongs to remember and to *avenge?* If they should gain the victory in the fight, would not we men be in a "*parlous*" state—as Touchstone said to the shepherd?

They appear to have a shocking opinion of men in general. We are mostly nothing but great lecherous brute animals—selfish and disgusting satyrs. And one woman, writing from Androscoggin County, Maine, touching the "four hundred children annually murdered" there before birth by their mothers, squarely and boldly justifies it, and in reply to the *Tribune's* lamentation over this "conspiracy against marriage," says "it is time to conspire against an institution which makes one human being the slave of another;" all which is printed without a word of editorial protest or dissent—without so much even as asking why the women do not conspire against entering into the married state rather than conspire to murder their offspring after marriage.

Still, it does not appear on the whole that the leaders propose to dispense with men altogether in

the new order of things they aim at; though it is far from clear that they do not think it would have been better to have no men, if it could be so ordered as to have no need of men. But submitting to the fact that man has been made and cannot well be got rid of if the world is to go on, they propose to allow every woman who is disposed to be a mother to have a husband. Some of them, go so far as to advocate her having the liberty to change him as often as she chooses. One correspondent (under a man's name), dating from "*Eden Home*," (!) in Ohio, in a long communication to *The Revolution*, full of folly and of unquotable filth and abomination, lays it down that when the new order of things gets established, "Woman becomes the wooer and Man the wooed" little dreaming of the consequences such a change of necessity implies—the men turned into *Jerry Sneaks*, the women we will not say into what; no true womanly love for man and no true manly love for woman any longer possible; and consequently no longer any true marriage or any children of pure love, and thus a future for the human race that would make its continuance (if continue it could) no longer desirable.

But accepting, as I said, the fact that man has been made, they make a great point of the primal divine reason for *woman* being made—that "it is

not good for *man* to be alone;" and so they propose to take the entire control of him as well as of themselves.

They talk about "Woman as Queen." Now there is a high and sacred sense in which woman is man's queen, and I cannot bear to have it profaned by these unwomanly women. The true womanly woman needs no *Revolution* help to establish her on her throne. She reigns in the loving heart of every true manly man. We render her reverent homage and loyal service, and are blessed under her sway; and when noble manhood and divine womanhood are joined in true conjugial love, more reverent, more loyal, and more blessed is the homage, service and submission, than when first attracted by her charms we laid ourselves at her feet. Woman was made to be Queen of Hearts, Queen of Homes, Queen of Social Life, and there—not by sharp self-assertion, not by force or legal power, but by all sweet influences—there to reign with undisputed sway over her willing subject man, blessing and blest.

But save us from such queenship as these women would establish. It would destroy all the true sacred womanhood of woman and all the true noble manhood of man.

If anybody thinks there must be something exaggerated in my representation of this journal and the

things it says, I have only to tell him that a reading of the single number (the fourteenth) from which I have taken this representation, will abundantly satisfy him that I have from delicacy put the case with far less strength than truth would justify and justice require. I have passed over a score of things too vile to quote or attempt indicating—as bad in spirit as bad can be, and in special utterances full of abominations and revolting to every true womanly woman.

XX.

EXCEPTIONAL WOMEN.

THERE are exceptional women in a better sense than the words are perhaps now most commonly used in.

No doubt it is the general ordination that woman should find and realize the most perfect fulness and richness of her life as faithful wife and tender mother, adorning, brightening and blessing the home of wedded love. But there are women whom Providence debars from being wives and mothers;—some because filial piety bids them forego a wedded life; others because their hearts are wedded to the memory of the dead; and their lot in life may so far be exceptional to the general ordinance, but their life may be full of beauty and benediction.

Among these is the blessed company of Good Aunts! How many a sickly mother's cares have been soothed and her toils lessened by their tender ministries! How many motherless children have never felt the want of a mother's love through the love of loving aunts!

Let no one ever associate a thought of disrespect with the word "Old Maid"—an old maid through no lack of womanheartedness but through the abundance of it.

The lot of no unmarried woman need be forlorn, if only she keep the true woman's heart alive and warm. She will find her blessedness, without seeking it, in making others blest through her unselfish loving ministries. Some of the most bright and cheerful, gracious and charming women I have ever known belong to this class; and in all "the blessed company of heaven" none will have a higher place than those who, debarred from being wives and mothers, have lived an unselfish loving life, seeking to make others good and happy.

But there are some who have neither homes of their own which, as wives and mothers, they can brighten and bless, nor any brother's or sister's home in which the children will rise up and call them blessed, who in a wider sphere become Sisters of Mercy, instructing and training the orphaned and ignorant; or go, like Caroline Fry, carrying light and comfort to the desolate inmates of the prison; or like Florence Nightingale, in hospitals dress poor soldiers' wounds, or on the battle-field support the sinking head and moisten the parched lips of the dying.

There is another class of exceptional women—

exceptional in gifts and impulses. Nothing hinders but that a woman of creative genius in the world of poetry, fine letters, or beautiful art, should follow the genial impulse and be a true woman still, not neglecting the womanly duties of her lot in life. What a long, bright roll the names of such would make. What a catalogue their works of true creative genius would fill.

It seems to me there never was at any time before so many such names, so many such noble and beautiful works, as now.

Still it remains true that, for women in general, the ideal of perfect womanhood is to be realized in woman as wife and mother and in the sphere of home —the joy of its joys in prosperous days, its dearest comfort in days of adversity.

How charmingly has Irving written of this in his Sketch Book in the piece entitled "The Wife."

XXI.

PALEY'S VIRTUOUS MAN.

The ethical system that makes the essence of goodness to consist in a prudent look-out for personal happiness, and happiness to consist in pleasure, resolves all moral differences among men into differences of preference as to the sort of pleasure they seek. There is no longer any absolute standard. What right has Paley's man of virtue, who "obeys God for the sake of everlasting happiness," to condemn the man who prefers present pleasure? The very assumption of such a right is absurd, unless there be something back of happiness in which the essence of goodness consists—unless obedience to God be obligatory considered by itself and apart from the idea of reward.

Paley's virtuous man can indeed, without inconsistency, say that he has the more refined taste for happiness. That may be; although at bottom it expresses only an opinion of his own grounded on his own preference. We might say he has a right

to have his preference, and the other man equally a right to *his* preference, were it not that, on the Epicurean theory, it is as absurd to talk about the right of either of them as it is to talk about the Frenchman's right to prefer olive oil to whale blubber, and the Esquimaux's right to have a contrary preference: they both have the right, that is to say, there is no moral right or wrong in the matter. Happiness—so far forth as happiness—consists in being happy, and every one's happiness in that which makes him happy.

Paley's man may say that it is very foolish for the other man to prefer temporary to everlasting happiness. This may be so. Grant it to be. But where is the *guilt* in being merely foolish? There is no law against it. How can you go about to condemn him for it? How can any other or Higher Power go about to punish him for it?

In fact, the idea of approbation and disapprobation, reward and punishment, have no basis except in the ideas of merit and demerit, and these latter ideas no basis except in the ideas of right and wrong as absolute ideas. If right be right because it is right, and wrong be wrong because it is wrong; if right ought always to be done because it ought, and wrong never to be done because it ought not: then the essence of goodness becomes something

quite different from the pursuit of happiness—be it everlasting happiness or any other—and the moral differences in men's characters become something quite other than mere differences of preference—whether coarse or refined, foolish or wise. And Paley's virtuous man, who obeys God merely "for the sake of everlasting happiness," will not deserve the happiness he seeks; and what is more, he will never get it. It cannot, by the eternal necessities of a moral universe, be so had. And so, finally, his prudence (which is the highest name that could be given to his virtue even if it could gain him what he seeks), becomes prudence to no purpose: in short, is just as foolish as the folly of the foolishest man he looks down upon—in fact it may be a great deal more foolish, because while he will certainly fail to gain the everlasting happiness he seeks, the other foolish man may gain something of the other temporary happiness which he sought. Both of them, doubtless, are foolish; in a higher, juster view, indeed, equally foolish. Putting happiness before goodness, personal advantage before duty, is what we call *preposterous*—putting the wrong thing foremost: and it is just as impossible in this way to get the happiness, the advantage of goodness, as for the cart to draw the horse

XXII.

HUMILITY AT A VALUATION.

THE pure disinterested motive for doing right, namely, because it is right, is not only *distinct*, but *toto genere different* from the self-interested motive of doing it as a means to an end, that is, because it will make us happy, or bring us some special advantage. In a twisted cord of silver and copper wires, the silver and copper threads are distinct and different, though inseparably twined together.

Yet see how Sunday-school children are taught by the "Carrier Dove," which is made to fly into so many of our Sunday schools, (No. 10., Oct. 1872) :

"THE VALUE OF HUMILITY.—Sir Eardly Wilmot, on being appointed Chief-Justice of England, called his son, a youth of about sixteen years of age, into his room, and said, 'My son, I want to tell you the secret of my success in life. I can give it in one word, *Humility*. This is the secret of it all ; because I never tried to push myself forward, and was willing to take the place assigned to me and to do

the best I could in it; and *if you want to be successful, learn humility.*' "

Now that was a very excellent disposition in Sir Eardly Wilmot—the disposition not to push himself, to take the place assigned to him and to do the best he could in it. And if he had propounded it to his son simply as a disposition for him to have, to seek and to pray for because of its goodness, he would have given the boy a true lesson in virtue—the learning of which would make him a good man, whether he gained worldly success or not.

But to propound worldly success to his son as the *motive* to goodness was corrupting his morals.

What sort of humility could spring from such a motive? Nothing but a politic outward behavior. Not the genuine virtue. No more intrinsically respectable than Uriah Heep's "*umbleness.*" It might possibly lead to worldly advancement. But then it might fail,—as Uriah's *umbleness* did, and as even genuine humility often does;—and so the boy might not gain the worldly success he sought, and would certainly lose the internal exceeding great reward of genuine goodness.

And as to the "*Carrier Dove,*" I have only to say that it is a bad business to entice children to goodness by promising them sugar plums.

XXIII.

SOME PROVERBS OF SELFISHNESS.

THE subtleties of selfishness are so subtle and so multifarious as almost to defy analysis. Among them there is nothing more provoking than the selfishness that puts on the pretension of magnanimous or impartial fairness.

"Let every one look out for himself—as the jackass said when he danced among the chickens"—here the pretension is so palpably and absurdly false, that one must conclude the jackass said it in the wilful wantonness of a conscious disregard of the rights of the weak little bipeds whom his floundering four legs obliged to scamper out of the way at so much disadvantage.

But "everything fair in war"—is a maxim often applied to cover up a wicked unfairness which men may or may not have a clear consciousness of; because it contains a certain degree of truth: it is one of those half-truths which taken for whole ones become frequently the worst of lies. For there are

some things that are not fair in war, neither in national wars, nor in political conflicts.

So the maxim "*caveat emptor*"—let the buyer look out for himself—is one that not only men who know themselves to be knaves and rogues use (though often in a make-belief way) to shelter themselves under in the perpetration of their knaveries and rogueries, but that men whom you would rouse to great wrath, if you called them knaves and rogues, appeal to in justification for doing what is essentially unfair, dishonest and dishonorable. It is a maxim that may be fairly enough acted upon by those who have a clear understanding among themselves to adopt it in their transactions with each other—say horse-jockies and stock-gamblers. They are mutually agreed that the sharpest shall win. But when a tradesman or any man who has anything to sell makes this maxim his justification or defence in taking advantage of the ignorance of one he deals with, he proves himself a greater scoundrel than many a horse-jockey—for there is many a one of them who would scorn to take a green-horn in, though they have no scruple in coming over a person who sets himself up as a knowing one in horse-flesh. As to stock-gamblers, I do not know how it would be. But when Elder Obadiah Chip, and Deacon Peleg Martingale act upon the maxim in their sharp practices, they prove themselves

much greater scoundrels than a horse-jockey or stock-trader can be accused of being: for the horse-jockies and stock-traders make no pretensions to be anything morally higher than sharpers—so far, that is, as the matter of horse-trade or stock-trade is concerned; whereas your pious pretender adds to dishonorable unfairness the meanness and guilt of hypocrisy.

There is another very common proverbial maxim: "First come first served." This was doubtless framed in a spirit of exact justice and is perfectly right and fair in application in thousands of cases. It may however be made and not unfrequently is made a cloak to cover over cases if not of absolute injustice or unfairness yet of very hard uncharitable selfishness: as, for instance, stout fellows in an omnibus not giving a seat to a feeble woman evidently just ready to sink from illness and exhaustion; or a file of persons at the Post Office refusing such a woman a moment's access to the letter-window before her turn, and thereby making her lose her only chance of riding home at all. In such and in hundreds of similar imaginary cases, every right-minded person sees that the maxim "first come first served," is one that should not be applied. And it is equally true to say that there is no general rule of mere formal justice, but may be bent and twisted into a pretext or defence for uncharitable selfishness, and sometimes of the wickedest injustice.

XXIV.

MEN AND BRUTES.

I AM going, in this paper, to be what they call philosophical, but, I hope, not dull; exact, but not priggish; exhaustive, but not tedious; deep, but not muddy; grave, but not without some ripple and sparkle on the surface;—in short, I hope it will be a sensible, sufficient and agreeable disquisition on a subject of curious interest; for the actions and habits of the brute animals are a very curious subject of speculation. *Bayle* says it "is one of the most profound abysses in which human reason can exercise itself." The difficulty lies chiefly in our inability or imperfect ability to communicate with them. We have mostly no other means of judging of many of the phenomena which their actions present to our observation than from their seeming analogy with what we observe in ourselves. What we know in regard to certain of our own actions we apply to the explanation of seemingly similar actions in the brutes.

Multitudes of the brutes display nothing of intelli gence, properly speaking—nothing higher than a susceptibility to *impressions* from external objects through their organs of sense.

The actions of others exhibit in various degrees something like our *sense-perceptions* and our *knowledge* of the qualities of outward objects.

The actions of others, however, present phenomena of a still higher order, which seem strikingly analogous to the operations and products of the human understanding. This class of actions may be seen quite remarkably in the monkey, the elephant, the dog, the beaver, the bee, the ant, and some other animals. Nearly every person's own observation and recollection will, I presume, supply him with a variety of facts of this order. The books of naturalists and philosophers abound with them.

Now the question I propose to consider is: What are we to think of this latter class of actions? How are we to explain them?

There are, so far as I know, only three theories that have ever been held on the subject: (1) The Cartesian theory—though older than Descartes—which not only denied that the brutes have any intelligence, but denied also that they are sentient creatures capable of sensation or feeling, and regarded them as mere machines—not even automatic

—all their actions resulting from the immediate exertion of Divine power. (2) The theory which refers all the actions of the brutes—not excepting such as are seemingly the most intelligent—to mere instinct—a principle not intellectual, but the very opposite to intelligence, understanding, or reason. (3) The theory which admits indeed the existence and operation of instinct as the principle of multitudes of the actions of the brutes, but denies that it is the principle of all of them, and, on the contrary, asserts that many of them are the product of faculties in the brutes analogous to those of the human understanding.

The first theory may be dismissed from consideration. It may be taken for granted that nobody nowadays holds, or would care to go into a discussion of the grounds on which the Cartesians rested it.

As to the second theory, there is no doubt but that what is properly called instinct plays a very large part in the phenomena of the animal kingdom. It is the internal principle of innumerable actions and habits. It is found in all animals of every sort. But that it is the principle of all brute actions and habits—including those of the highest order of seeming intelligence—is an admission not to be hastily made.

Let us, then, consider first such actions and habits as are admitted to be purely instinctive by all who admit the existence of such a principle as instinct. Out of instances of a multitude of sorts it is necessary to signalize only a few.

Nearly all birds sit on their eggs until they are hatched by the warmth of their bodies. The ostrich does not do so, but leaves them on the sands of Africa to be hatched by the warmth of the sun. Some sorts of birds deposit their eggs in nests on the ground; some in nests in trees, or hanging from the boughs; some in cavities in rocks or trees, or scooped out of the sides of the banks of streams; some build their nests of one sort of material, others of another—every individual of a species acting in a way peculiar to its species.

Some fishes—as the salmon and sturgeon—forsake the salt water and ascend the streams at certain seasons to deposit their spawn.

The spider weaves a web to catch flies.

Chickens dread the water, but young ducklings hatched by a hen run immediately to the nearest pool and plunge in—in spite of all the efforts of the terrified foster-mother to prevent them.

All these are instances of actions and habits commonly said to be determined by instinct. Thousands might be added. I will refer to only one

more—the case of the silk-worm—because the phenomena of its existence lead us to notice the union, and yet the distinction, between the different principles of Life and of Instinct. After the egg is hatched the worm begins, under the direction of *instinct*, to seek its appropriate food,—the leaves of the mulberry-tree mostly,—and upon this it feeds for a time, the *vital action* of the stomach assimilating its food partly to the nutriment of the worm, and partly to the formation of a silky secretion. Then it fastens itself in a proper situation and begins its spinning—involving its body in the fine filaments which it draws from its stomach, and so forming the cocoon. Then, through the action of the *vital* power, it is transformed to a winged insect, and is directed by *instinct* to a suitable deposition of its eggs; and, having thus fulfilled the term and purpose of its existence, dies.

I might refer also to the cells of the honey-comb of the bees, as perhaps in one respect the most remarkable instance of what must be regarded as instinctive determination. These cells are hexagonal, and their construction is a perfect practical solution of one of the most difficult mathematical problems.*

* Perhaps it will be interesting to quote what Dr. Reid says about it: "It is a curious mathematical problem," he writes, "at

All these actions and habits above instanced, and such as these, are admitted—as has been said—to be purely instinctive by all who admit that there is any such thing as instinct.

To generalize now the description of them, we may say: (1) they are actions performed invariably in the same way by all animals of the same species; (2) they are actions performed with unerring certainty prior to experience; that is, not prompted by experience in the first instance, and no better performed afterwards than at the first time. For

what precise angle the three planes which compose the bottom of a cell in a honey-comb ought to meet in order to make the greatest saving, or the least expense, of material and labor. This is one of those problems belonging to the higher parts of mathematics, which are called problems of *maxima* and *minima*. It has been resolved by some mathematicians, particularly by Mr. Maclaurin, by a fluxionary calculation, which is to be found in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London. He has determined precisely the angle required; and he found by the most exact mensuration the subject could admit, that it is the very angle in which the three planes at the bottom of the cell of a honey-comb do actually meet."

"Shall we ask here who taught the bee the properties of solids, and to resolve problems of *maxima* and of *minima?* We need not say that bees know none of these things. They work geometrically, without any knowledge of geometry; somewhat like a child who, by turning the handle of an organ, makes good music without any knowledge of music. The art is not in the child, but in him who made the organ. In like manner, when a bee makes its comb so geometrically, the geometry is not in the bee, but in the great Geometrician who made the bee, and made all things in number, weight. and measure."

example, all the *hangbirds* build and suspend their nests in the same way from the boughs of trees; all the *kingfishers* scoop them alike out of the sides of the banks of streams; and both sorts of birds do their work as well and perfectly the first as at any subsequent time.

These instinctive actions, moreover, subserve the propagation, sustenance and preservation of the animals, according to their several specific organizations and conditions of existence.

They are, then, in their highest generality, *adaptations of means to ends.* There is, therefore, intelligent design in them. But this design we are wont to attribute to their Creator; who, through the blind working of the instinctive impulse implanted by Him in their constitution, accomplishes his design without any recognition, on the part of the animals, of the relation of the means to the end. The young mammal finds out its way to its milky food without knowing its necessity.

If now it be asked, What *is* Instinct? it can only be said, that it is that something in animals which impels them—as the word instinct itself signifies—to perform such actions. But this is only assuming a cause for such actions, and giving it a name. Our reason obliges us to believe there must be a cause for all phenomena. What name we give to the

cause of the actions in question is not of the greatest moment; it is only important to have some name, and to understand what is meant by it when we use it. Of the nature of instinct—what it is in itself—we know as little as we do of life, or magnetism, or gravitation. We speak of it, indeed, as a principle or force, just as we speak of the vital, or magnetic, or attractive force. But that is nothing more than recognizing it as the proximate cause of certain phenomena. Like all forces, moreover, instinct (as we assume) has its laws of action or working—otherwise there would be no reason why animals of one species should be impelled to act always in one way, and animals of another species in another way; just as we assume, for example, that life or the vital force works according to law, so that the bean when planted produces beans, the pea peas, etc. The phenomena which we attribute to instinct we know; the cause or force itself—to which we give the name of instinct—we assume by necessary inference with absolute conviction. *Omnia exeunt in mysteria*—all things go out at last into mystery. Every thing explicable rests ultimately upon something inexplicable. He who determines to hold nothing for true that he cannot fully comprehend and explain will soon inevitably come to have less than one article to his creed.

Summarily, then, it may be taken as a correct and adequate definition of instinct, that it is that principle in animals which impels them to perform certain actions tending to their propagation, sustenance, and preservation—working in them originally anterior to experience, and prompting all animals of the same species to perform such actions invariably in the same way under all circumstances.

Now taking this notion of instinct to be correct, and admitting that it includes and explains such actions as have been described, the question comes up: Does instinct suffice to explain all the actions which we see performed by animals, such as some of those of the monkey, the elephant, the beaver, the bee, the ant, and the dog, and of other animals that might be named?

It would seem it does not.

There are actions of these animals which in their kind are just such as those that, when performed by human beings, we consider to be the result of observation, experience, reflection, and choice—that is, such as we take to be the products of the understanding.

To signalize some of these actions:—Of Monkey tricks and monkey cunning there are stories innumerable. I select one—given on the authority of M. Bailly, a French philosopher of the last century.

Bailly had a friend that had a monkey, that was fastened to the wall by a chain; his friend often amused himself by placing nuts beyond the length of the chain and just out of the reach of his paws. On one occasion, after many vain attempts to reach the nut, seeing a servant pass near him with a salver in his hand, the monkey snatched it from him and used it to draw the nut within his grasp. His way of cracking his nuts was to place them on the floor and let fall a stone upon them. Dr. Darwin mentions another case, of a monkey that had lost his teeth, and took to cracking his nuts with a stone, which he held in his hand and used as a hammer.

Of Elephants and their ingenuity we have many accounts. I take one or two given by Buffon *(Hist. Nat.* xi.*)* on authority that seems reliable. They are related of elephants tamed and used in the service of man in India. One of these animals, being put to forcing a heavy piece of artillery up a mountain, would push it forward with his head and then block the wheel with his knee to prevent the carriage rolling back, while he prepared to renew his push. Another, when tied with a rope fastened around his leg with a tight and complicated knot, preferred to untie the knot rather than try his strength to break it.

Buffon gives many instances that are indicative of the elephant's disposition, as well as of his general intelligence. For instance, an elephant would decline to put forth a painful degree of effort in lifting or drawing, but if promised *arrac*, or anything he was particularly fond of, he would undertake it. But you must keep your promise; for he is quite resentful and vindictive if cheated. Everybody is familiar with the story of the elephant that was cheated in this way by a painter, and went off to a pool of muddy water, and returning with a trunk-full, spouted it over the painter's picture and spoilt it.

Of Beavers much is related. These animals display contrivance and ingenuity chiefly in the construction of their huts for winter residence—in which they also store up their provision of food for winter. They are careful to build where the water is too deep to be frozen at the bottom. They prefer to build in running water, so as to be able to float their timber—trunks and branches of small trees—down from above, thus saving the labor of hauling. These trees they cut down with their teeth. They build dams across the stream, if it is necessary, in order to secure depth and stillness at the bottom. These dams are sometimes two or three hundred feet long, twenty high, and seven or eight thick. The materials are trunks

and branches of trees, with stones and mud interpacked. Their huts are of the same materials, rude but strong, conical in form, with one door near the foundation and under the water. They make the walls from four to six and sometimes eight feet thick, laying the wood crosswise and horizontally, with stones and mud intermixed, ramming and packing their work with sharp flaps of their broad tails, and finally, just before frost sets in, plastering their huts with mud or clay.

The beavers of a community do not work in common in hut-building. Each family, or those who live together, build their own huts. But the common dam is built by all in conjunction.

These animals will, however, in some circumstances depart from their usual way, and will scoop out holes or caves in the sides of the banks of a stream opening into the water at the bottom. They take great precautions for secrecy and safety, according to circumstances. For instance, they will build what writers about them call "washes," or holes on the opposite bank, large enough to allow them to lift their noses out of the water to breathe without being seen.

When disturbed in their huts, they swim under the water across the stream and betake themselves to their "washes." All this about the beaver is on the authority of Godman (*Nat. Hist.* v. ii.) who takes

great pains to throw out what he calls "fabulous stories" about these remarkable animals.

Now about Bees and Ants. Whoever has read Huber's two charming books, will know whatever is worth knowing about these interesting creatures, and enough to delight and surprise him.

I select one case from his work on Bees.

Huber put a dozen humble-bees under a bell-glass, along with a comb of about ten silk cocoons, so unequal in height as not to stand steadily upright. To remedy this defect, two or three of the bees got upon the comb and stretched themselves over its edge with their heads downward, and fixed their fore feet on the table on which the comb stood; and so with their hind feet kept the comb from falling. When these were weary, others took their places. In this constrained and painful posture, fresh bees relieving their comrades, these little creatures supported the comb for nearly three days, at the end of which time they had prepared wax enough to make pillars with to support the comb. But these pillars having got accidently displaced, the bees began over again in the same way as before, until Huber, pitying their hard case, supplied them with something that made such work no longer neccessary for them.

I take one case from his book on Ants. It relates to the skill with which they build their dwellings,

make galleries and tunnels for communication, and the like. "Those ants," says Huber, "who lay the foundation of a wall, a gallery, or a chamber, from working separately, occasion, now and then, a want of coincidence in the parts; . . . . but the workman, on discovering his error, knows how to rectify it. A wall had been begun with a view of sustaining a vaulted ceiling, still incomplete, which had been projected from the wall on the opposite chamber. The workman who had begun constructing it had given it too little elevation to meet the opposite partition, on which it was to rest, ... when one of the ants, arriving at the place, appeared struck by the difficulty which presented itself. But this was soon obviated by taking down the ceiling, and raising the wall upon which it rested. It then, in my presence, constructed a new ceiling out of the fragments of the old one."

Now about Dogs. Nearly everybody knows something about them. There are books full of anecdotes. Jesse's *Anecdotes of Dogs* is the latest of them, I believe. I shall give only two or three, which rest on authentic testimony.

One is the case of a dog belonging to a convent in France. Twenty-four poor beggars were daily served with a dinner, passed out to them through an aperture in the wall, by means of a *tour*, or revolving box.

There was a bell-rope hanging beside the opening. Each beggar in turn rang the bell and received his dinner. After a time, the cook noticed that twenty-five dinners were passed out. A watch was set, and it was discovered that after the beggars had each received his portion and turned away, this dog would go up and ring the bell and get a dinner for himself. The authorities of the convent, learning the case, decreed that the dog should continue to have his dinner for ringing for it.

Another case, related by a gentleman who saw it. A party of huntsmen had to cross a river, which they did by swimming their horses—the pack of dogs all following, except a terrier, who dreaded the plunge. After looking on for a time with many distressful barks, he suddenly turned and ran swiftly up the bank till out of sight. There was a bridge some distance above. After a while, the dog came running down the other side of the river, and joined his comrades.

Another, of a dog belonging to a grocer in London. A pieman with meat-pies was wont to stop in the street before the shop, and sell his pies to the passers-by—the dog often standing by and observing the traffic. One day the pieman gave him a pie. The next day, when the pie-man came along the dog came out, looking expectantly. But the pieman, shaking

his head, said No. The dog turned immediately into the shop, and contrived to make his master understand he wanted a penny. Getting it, he sallied out, carried it to the pieman, and received his pie.

There is one more anecdote worth relating, that is not in the books. I had it from those admirable gentlewomen of the old school, the Misses R., long time my neighbors on the Passaic. They had a carriage-dog that commonly accompanied them in their drives. Their course often took them across the river, over a bridge some four miles from their residence. The keeper of the toll-house had a big, surly mastiff that always sallied out and attacked their dog, who was no match for him, and sometimes Beaujeu suffered severely; so that at length he declined accompanying them if they took the road up the river towards the bridge. The way through the lawn from their house to the high road was nearly half a mile. One day, when they came down to the gate, they found the dog there waiting for them. As soon as he saw them take the up-river road, he turned and ran with great speed back to the house. In a very little while he returned and overtook the the carriage, accompanied by a very powerful dog that ordinarily kept about the house and grounds, and never went with the carriage. The two trotted along, side by side, following the carriage, until they

came to the bridge, when the mastiff sallied out as usual. The little dog then held back, and his big comrade went at the assailant and gave him a tremendous punishment, evidently to the little fellow's great satisfaction.

Now in all the cases of animal ingenuity, contrivance, and sagacity that have been related, it will be observed that I have avoided all reference to the special and extraordinary degree of perfection in which certain organs of sense are possessed by some animals; such, for example, as the sharp, far-sighted vision of the eagle or the keen scent of some of the dogs. I have also avoided all reference to the innumerable facts that go to show how some animals can be educated by man—taught to understand him, and trained to perform actions often contrary to their natural habits and impulses. I have left these out of view, because they are a class of facts distinct from those spontaneous acts of ingenuity and contrivance which are properly related to the subject in hand.

I cannot forbear remarking, however, that while, in common with some other domestic animals, the dog exhibits a capacity of affectionate attachment to man, one is sometimes tempted to believe that he is endowed with something analogous to conscience and the moral sentiments.

Out of thousands of cases illustrating not merely his intelligence, but his faithful and magnanimous spirit, take an instance or two.

The following I cut from an English paper thirty years ago:

"A FAITHFUL DOG.—A few nights ago, as the Hon. Mr. Western, M. P., was returning home on foot to his residence in Bishopsgate, he was attacked by a ferocious dog of the mastiff breed, against which he defended himself with a stick until it was broken in pieces. A fine Newfoundland dog which he had with him stood perfectly quiet during the rencontre, but on perceiving his master entirely open to the enraged animal, rushed forward, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in conquering the enemy; he then, singular to relate, dragged it to a ditch some yards distant, where he kept it beneath the water until it was drowned."

Everybody has doubtless read Dr. John Brown's charming story of *Rab and his Friends;* of Rab's various exploits, and of his starving himself to death at last on the grave of his dead master.

The following is related as having happened in New York. I cannot vouch for the truth of it. I give it in substance as I read it in one of the daily papers of the city, a day or two after the incident was said to have occurred. A person took a large

dog in a boat out into the stream with the intention of drowning him. He had attached a large stone to the dog's neck by a rope. He threw the dog and the stone into the water and both went down together. But the stone got loose and the dog reappeared. Endeavoring to keep his head under water with his oar, the boat tipped on one side so that the man fell into the water and sank. He could not swim. When he rose to the surface, there was the dog waiting, who immediately seized the master that had tried to murder him, and swam with him to the shore. If this is not true, it deserves to be. But whether it be true or not, every one's recollection will supply him with authentic stories of canine magnanimity.

Speaking of dogs always reminds me of what the Ettrick Shepherd says (or is made to say) of his dog Hector. It is a falsehood so laughably good as to deserve admission among true stories. "It is a gude sign of a dowg, sirs," says Hogg, "when his face grows like his master's. . . . . Hector got sae like me, afore he deed, that I remember, when I was owre lazy to gang till the kirk, I used to send him to tak my place in the pew, and the minister never kent the difference. Indeed he ance asked me neist day what I thocht o' the sermon; for he saw me wonderfu' attentive amang a rather sleepy con-

gregation. *Hector and me gied ane anither sic a look*, that I was feared Mr. Paton wud hae observed it; but he was a simple, primitive, unsuspectin' auld man—a very Nathaniel without guile, and jealoused naething; though baith Hector and me was like to split, and the dowg, after lauchin' in his sleeve for mair nor a hundred yards, could staun't nae langer, but was obliged to loup awa owre a hedge into a potawto field, pretending he scented game."

But the laugh over, let us return to the serious instances.

It is to be noted that while both the classes of actions that have been described—those referable to pure *instinct*, and those that seemingly display *intelligent contrivance*—are in their nature *adaptations of means to ends*, yet there is a very great and clearly marked difference between them.

The *instinctive* actions are performed invariably in the same way under all circumstances, by all animals of the same species, previous to experience and instruction, and disclose no appearance of knowledge on the part of the animals of the ends subserved, and the adaptation of the means, or of intention in the use of them.

While, on the other hand, the seemingly *intelligent* actions vary the means to the ends in a thousand different ways as circumstances vary; they also

depend upon experience—are improved by it; and they exhibit clear indications of knowledge and intentional design on the part of the performers both as to the ends and means.

It seems, therefore, just to ascribe the two classes of actions to distinct and different principles; to call the one Instinct, the other Intelligence. This is the third of the theories named at the outset.

Now, on the relation of brute and human intelligence, it may be said:

(1.) That both brutes and men have sensibility and organs of sense the same in kind;

(2.) That both possess faculties of sense-precep tion, comparison, memory (of a certain sort, more properly recollection), and choice—the same in kind, though in men some of them are superior in degree;

Hence, (3.) both are capable of *experience;* both possess the faculty of contrivance, of adapting means to ends; but in man the range of experience and ingenuity is wider and higher.

(4.) If by *reasoning* be understood merely the power of selecting, combining, and adapting means to proximate ends, the brutes undoubtedly possess it, though in some respects, and in some cases, in a degree inferior to man;

But (5.) The faculties of the brutes—their powers of knowledge, experience, memory, judgment, rea-

soning, and choice—seem to be limited in several respects:

In the first place, they employ means merely to *proximate* ends; they do not "take thought for the morrow" in any sense, and they do not provide for it unless they are impelled by some other principle than intelligence. The bees, for instance, lay up a store of winter food; but they do it from *instinct.* A hive of bees newly swarmed will provide as certainly for their first winter, as for their second and third.

Man, on the contrary, provides for the future with intentional forethought, based on experience or some reasonable ground, and adapts means to *remote* ends, as experience or reason may dictate.

In the second place, the faculties of intelligence and reasoning (if so it be called) in the brutes, seem to be limited wholly to the external and material world, and, for the most part, to require the presence of sensible objects. But though capable of experience in regard to such objects, of learning from it and applying it, their experience is not transmitted; they do not "make history" for their successors, cannot hand down its wisdom from age to age.

Moreover, it does not appear that the brutes perform any such processes as those of abstraction, generalization, and classification, upon the external

objects of their perception. Even the intelligence which some animals—as the horse and dog—have of the meaning of words addressed to them by man, does not seem to be a conception of them as general terms, but to be related to particular individual objects or occasions,—and the result of association, and not of logical subsumption.

But man truly abstracts and generalizes—forms conceptions generic and specific in regard to the objects of sense-perception, and frames words to express them. And whatever intelligence any of the brutes may have of the meaning of words used by man, none of them have the power of forming of themselves arbitrary or conventional signs as towards men or as among themselves; though, at the same time, they are able to communicate with each other in a very remarkable way, which we do not understand; as in the case of the carriage dog and his comrade above related, and numerous other cases of like sort that might be adduced.

Man, too, operates upon the conceptions of external objects which he forms by abstraction and generalization, a variety of logical processes which he also frames words to express. Nothing of all this have the brutes the faculty to do.

(6.) The understanding of man transcends the sphere of the senses and of material objects, and

rises to a height the brutes never reach. He forms conceptions that have no corresponding object in the sensible world—abstract conceptions of number and quantity, and of their relations in time and space, and operates various processes upon them, as in arithmetic and geometry—which, in the last analysis, hold only of purely ideal objects. Of all these conceptions and operations the understanding of the brutes is incapable; their reasoning is not a logical process in the strict sense of the terms.

(7.) But besides possessing in a higher degree than the brutes the faculty of understanding, man has another and quite different faculty which the brutes possess in no degree: the faculty which, by occasion of the phenomenal—the qualities, changes, limitations, conditions and relations, whereof the understanding takes cognizance—grasps the ideas of substance, cause, the infinite, the absolute, of God, of the true, the beautiful, the good, not merely recognizing them as being from the constitution of every human mind subjectively necessary conceptions, but as having absolute objective truth and reality. To this power of immediate apprehension or intuition of objects in the supersensual sphere some persons give the name of Reason, in order to distinguish it from the logical understanding.

Man, too, has self-consciousness—the conscious-

ness of himself as the permanent subject and centre of all his own thoughts and operations of mind, of all his sensations, emotions, sentiments and volitions —the consciousness of himself as distinct from them all, as well as from the external world. This he expresses when he says I. The brutes can think no such thing, express no such thought. They have self-feeling, but not self-consciousness. Men are persons; the brutes, individuals.

(8.) From the union of reason (giving him the idea of right and wrong) and free-will in his consciousness of personality, man possesses a conscience, a sense of obligation and of moral accountability, of which the brutes are incapable.

Finally: Have the brutes souls?

If by soul be understood an immaterial intellectual and emotional principle attached to their sensitive organization, and working in and with it, and in subjection to it, within the sphere and under the conditions and limits of their existence;—then the brutes may be said to have souls.

But if by souls be meant souls endowed with self-consciousness, reason, and free-will, making them persons and accountable agents;—in this sense the brutes have not, and men have souls.

You may say, if you choose—and it is a good old-fashioned distinction—that the brutes are composed

of body and soul; men of body, soul and spirit. That man is a spirit, is his eminent nature; it is the grand sundering difference between him and the brutes. That man is a spirit, constitutes his capacity for and is the guarantee of his immortality. But precisely because man *is* a spirit, a good horse is better than a bad man.

XXV.

BRUTAL MEN.

"A Brute of a man!" What an expression. Alas, that it should be so often justly applied.

It is not enough to say that a "brute of a man" is "no better than a brute." He is a great deal worse than the brutes; and you can say he is less respectable than the worst of the brutes—if you choose to take that way of saying there is nothing respectable in him. The brutal man goes counter to the God-implanted impulses of his nature—which the brutes never do. The brutes are as God made them, and behave as He intended they should.

When you "cast your pearls before swine," you know they have no noses for pearls; and when they "trample them under their feet" it is just what you should expect and cannot despise them for; and when they are of a wild, ferocious breed (such as I suppose our Lord had in mind), and "turn again to rend you," that is what you cannot well be surprised at or blame them for. You need not like them;

you may kill and exterminate them if you will, for your own safety or welfare; but you cannot look upon them as abominable miscreants,—as you do upon brutal men. These are not as God made them, and do not behave as He intended they should. They are objects of just abhorrence.

Not all brute animals are ferocious and destructive; nor even unclean, disagreeable, and (sometimes) disgusting in their ways, as our domestic swine are,—though some persons say the bad habits of the swine are partly man's fault from the way we keep them, and that they would keep themselves much cleaner and nicer if we gave them a better chance; which is a point I cannot, from my own observation, decide; but I am rather of opinion they have an inborn inclination to go from "being washed to wallowing in the mire," just as some human swine are apt to do.

But a great many animals are neither ferocious nor disagreeable, but harmless and gentle and affectionate in disposition when kindly treated, and as neat and proper in their habits and behavior as you could reasonably desire—in short, entirely agreeable and engaging creatures, and quite worthy of the affection they inspire and the petting they get: such as the noble horse, the faithful dog, and even the less moral puss, sleek and purring when caressed but sly and caring more for cream than for caresses.

But I have to be careful of saying anything disparaging about cats in the hearing of my excellent neighbor, Mrs. Black. If I so much as hint anything about their heartlessness, her "back is up" (though her cat's is not), and she is sure to assure me that they (though I know she is thinking only of her own favorite) have as much heart as any dog and as much head too,—a notion I can only inwardly wonder at in her; for though she has never had a dog of her own, certainly never such a one as my daughter's little pure-bred Shepherd, yet she has seen so much of him, for two years and more, that I should think she would be ashamed to compare her cat to him. Bless you! He was not a mere dog. He was one of the folks; and knew as much and behaved as well as any member of the family.—I said *was*: for, alas, he disappeared two months ago—stolen from us, no doubt, by some evil person. We have done everything we could to trace and recover him. But in vain. We have given him up as most probably sold into a distant captivity and never likely to return. Perhaps he has died of a broken heart! His mistress being in Italy, knows as yet nothing of her loss. We have not dared to tell her.—A little while before he disappeared, he wrote her a very funny and affectionate letter, which she answered. But he was gone when her answer arrived. And when she comes

back and learns the sad story, I am afraid it will go nigh to break her heart.

Dear me! How I have wandered from my subject. Gentle and affectionate brutes are so much pleasanter to think of than brutal men. And the mournful pleasure of dwelling on our lost Colin's virtues has also beguiled me away. Peace to the memory of one so gentle and affectionate! Brutal men are never gentle and affectionate in disposition; sometimes they are inhumanly cruel. I do not mean cruel as savages sometimes are—taking delight in inflicting physical tortures, cutting, gashing, roasting and burning their victims. Your civilized brute of man is often cruel with a worse than savage cruelty and delights in torturing the souls of his victims. To "bruise the spirit," to "hurt the feelings," to "wring the heart," to "pierce the bosom:" these and such like are expressions that figure the cruelties which your civilized brute of a man inflicts on those who should be sacred objects of reverent tenderness—taking even a devilish pleasure in the power to torture which woman's devotion to her torturer gives him. The coarse brutalities which insult the modesty of woman with indecent speech, or vent themselves in foul epithets, curses, violence and blows, are incomparably less cruel than the refined cruelties of such as are never foul in

language nor violent in action. The drunken brute of a man, who (because he is drunk) beats his wife, is a less offensive sight. Quilp is a less abominable miscreant, than your polished brute of a man who breaks the heart of a loving wife without violating any of the outward decorums of refined social life.

I have a friendly private secretary with whom I sometimes talk about the matter of my papers. And he doubts whether I have in this piece brought out clearly enough the essential nature or distinctive essence of human brutality,—the *differentia*, as he calls it. A very acute and philosophical young man is my secretary.

But I tell him he must perceive I have not intended to treat this subject in any abstract analytical or logical way, but, rather, in a suggestive concrete fashion—quite superficial indeed but sufficient for my purpose.

No doubt, in his exact and logical way of looking at the subject, it might be more properly said that brutal men are simply *brutish*, and that more from misfortune or fault of nature than from intentional or conscious wickedness; more from an incapacity of being other than they are—through defect of imagination and want of culture, than from any deliberate or wanton violation of higher and finer

impulses: in short, that the essence of human brutality is a brutish insensibility that makes them as incapable of appreciating the feelings of their fellow-creatures as the brute beasts are. The brute beasts have self-feeling,—they feel their own feelings,—but no fellow-feeling. So with brutal men. Like the brute beasts they have no imagination to enable them to enter into and comprehend the feelings of others. They scarcely know that they *are* un-human or how un-humanly they are behaving.

No doubt, too, a distinction may be made between brutality and ferocity. The low English are often stolidly brutish and brutishly violent, but seldom ferocious—which implies more imagination than is common in an English mob; while the French, being imaginative, and very impressionable may, when highly excited, become ferocious and ferociously destructive,—not from cold malignity, but from passionate excess of emotion taking a direction against whatever they imagine to be bad.

No doubt, likewise, a distinction may be made between human brutality and cruelty. Human brutishness is not necessarily cruel. The essence of cruelty is wanton intentional malignity, which understands the torture it is inflicting and means to inflict it, takes an evil pleasure in inflicting it. It is pure devilishness.

Sykes is a brute.

Murdstone is partly brute, partly devil.

Quilp is wholly devil.

So is the polished brute of a man of whom I have spoken.

There is a good deal in what my secretary suggests. I have translated his suggestions as well as I could into my own fashion of expression.

But what I had written before must stay written; I cannot well go back to alter it. Besides, (as I have said in effect) I did not intend to go philosophically into the subject.

So let the reader take him and me together, and make the best he can of us both.

He will see that in order to bring us both into substantial agreement, it is only necessary to note that my *coarse* "brute of a man" is my secretary's type of the essential brute,—the brutish human brute; and that my *cruel* "brute of a man" is his "devil of a man;" and that those whom I have spoken of as "abominable miscreants" and objects of "just abhorrence," he would put into the class not of mere brutish human brutes, but rather of men demon-possessed, and so fiendishly cruel.

How far brutal men are such from inborn fault of nature nobody can so well tell as He that made

them No doubt there are differences of native disposition. But all of us begin life in innocence—with seeds of goodness and seeds of badness in us all,—possibilities of saintly excellence and possibilities of diabolical wickedness. What the actual development shall be; whether the good or the evil shall gain the predominance; and what shall be the character that shall get formed and established, depends very greatly on influences which only He who knows all things can rightly estimate and rightly make allowance for. We ourselves can see how pitiful is the case of the little natives of the slums of New York—the gutters and filth they roll in their only school-room, and the vices and crimes that surround them their only teachers. God bless Mr. Brace and the Children's Aid Society for what they are doing to rescue and save these hapless ones. There is nothing nobler in philanthrophy than their endeavors.

But neither New York slums, nor low drinking shops, nor cock fights and dog fights and prize fights, are the only institutions for making boys into brutes. Read Mr. Thomas Hughes' "School Days at Rugby. By an Old Boy,"—and particularly the account of the roasting of Tom Browne at the fire until he was half burnt to death by the bully Flashman and his brutal associates. What but such

things could be expected where flogging and caning were the ordinary punishments inflicted by the masters, and where the bigger boys had authority to make menial *fags* of the little ones, and to flog and cane them; and where tossing and roasting were customs allowed to prevail? The author says "I trust and believe such scenes are not possible at school now, and that betting and lotteries are gone out; but I am writing of schools as they were in our time, and must give the evil with the good."

I am glad to believe this. Let only the lesson be learned: that nothing developes and nurtures whatever innate brutality there may be in any one's nature more than the possession of arbitrary power, especially if irresponsible,— a truth confirmed by many a scene on shipboard, and more perhaps than anywhere else by the history of slavery, which shows how women may become even more brutal and cruel than men—according to the old saying that the best things when corrupted are the worst.

XXVI.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IN ART.

LOOKING back to my first paper I see I have laid it down that the best guaranty for success in seeking for the True or in creating the Beautiful, is a pure devotion to truth and beauty for their own sake.

This brings to my mind a sentence out of Fuseli's lectures, and where it was that I first saw it many years ago. It was in the studio of that noble artist and most venerable and loveable man, Washington Allston. Pencilled in his hand on the door of an unpainted pine board commode near his easel, among many other pencillings—afterwards extending to the walls of the studio, and published since his death by the editor of his writings—was the sentence:

"No genuine work of Art ever was, or ever can be, produced but for its own sake.—FUSELI."

Now I am quite sure that the thought I gave expression to, was the immediate cause of my recollecting Fuseli's thought. But it may also be that,

in the remote untraceable linking of things, his thought was really the unremembered original father of mine. Who can tell? Not I. If it be so, the parentage is respectable. But be the relationship what it may, his thought now suggests to me some other thoughts.

In the first place, however true Fuseli's sweeping negative assertion may be—and I am not going to impugn its truth—the logical converse of it, namely, that every work of Art produced for its own sake will be a genuine one, by no means holds true. The genius of the artist may not be so great as his love. His productive power may not be equal to the highest ideal creations; or, he may not be artist enough to embody them—whether by figure, color, tones, or winged words—in that perfection of form, that ineffable coalescence of idea and expression, of thought and utterance, which is essential to constitute a work of the highest order. He may not be artist enough to produce works of real merit, or the merit of them may fall short in various degrees of the highest excellence. The purest and most fervent love of Art cannot of itself alone make Michael Angelos, or Raphaels, or Homers, or Shakespeares. The artist who sincerely loves his art, for its own sake alone, may, therefore, fail of the highest success, so far as the quality of his works is concerned. Still

his love and his work of love may be so much their own internal exceeding great reward, that his success in life is more real, of a better sort and higher order, than any success the most successful selfishness achieves in gaining selfish ends, whether wealth, position, honor, power, or any other worldly prize.

The old heathen saying is, indeed, a true one, that "neither the gods nor the columns allow mediocre poets." And there is no reason for demurring to it. But, inexorable as the critical gods are in refusing them a place on "the glory smitten mount," the gods themselves will not deny that the artist who passes a blameless happy life—going out of himself in a pure fervent love of the beautiful—even though his productions may fall below the highest standard, is a more respectable and successful man than the most successful gambler that ever won millions by "bulling," "bearing," and "cornering" in the Stock Exchange. And though no bay wreathed tablet with his name be inscribed upon the "columns" of any public square, he is better off than the most distinguished name, gained by plying the arts and intrigues of the politician's trade, could make him.

In the next place, though according to Fuseli, works of supreme excellence can be produced only by an artist who works from pure love of his Art alone, with a single eye to the production of excellence

for its own sake, yet an artist who makes his Art a means for gaining distinction, wealth, or some personal advantage of a worldly sort, may have enough of genius and productive power to produce works of real merit, though not of the highest order, and at all events talent enough to know how to gain the worldly ends he seeks: for it is not absolutely necessary to these ends to be Michael Angelos and Raphaels, or Shakespeares and Miltons. Artists much below them may even win praise and gold from the world. The world is a large parish. The majority are not the best judges of Art. Works which are of little or no real merit, which are not genuine noble works at all, have perhaps the best chance for popular favor. In which fact lies the good fortune of artists who work for worldly ends. Temporarily only, however. For in the long run the judgment of the selecter few comes to prevail and get at least the acquiescence of the majority. A good thing this, in one view—good for the world and the world's progress in culture; for acquiescence without insight may in time grow into something of insight; though as to the great true artists this tardy poetical justice may be all too late to secure to them material advantages such as their inferior contemporaries may have gained, which, however, the great artists are not likely to bewail as an injustice or a calamity.

But further. I said I was not going to impugn the truth of Fuseli's dictum. It has, however, been denied. Sauer denies it. But when I bid him to name any great work and to prove that it was *not* produced for its own sake, he declines to do either, but bids me in turn not to confound the distinction between contradictories and contraries (Very sharply logical is Sauer.) He begs me to observe that he does not simply *contradict* Fuseli's position, does not say that *some* great works of Art have been produced not for their own sake alone. To say that, would, he admits, bind him to give instances and proofs—but that he asserts the *contrary*, namely, that *no* great work of Art ever was or can be produced for its own sake alone. And he grounds his assertion on the broad principles of human nature. He does not so much make the assertion as something I can hold him bound to prove, as something I cannot deny his right to believe. He says human nature is human nature and cannot be anything else. He quotes old Mrs. Jones (an oracle of his as well as of mine,) who lays it down that although there is as much difference in folks as in anybody, yet there is a great deal of human nature in man. He does not believe that the greatest artist that ever produced the noblest creative work of sculpture, painting, music or poetry—which the world ever saw or heard,

or read, had so little human nature in him as to create it for its own sake, out of mere creative love, or love of excellence for itself alone, with no mingling of any lower motive personal to himself. Not necessarily money. Though Shakespeare worked for money. So did Nollekins, who loved it dearly. So many others. With many, indeed, the love of distinction, of present reputation, may be stronger than the love of money. But if none of these be any part of the end they work for, yet the love of *Fame* may be all the more a powerful motive. The love of fame, the desire for a name that shall live and last through the ages, is the special infirmity of men of the highest order of creative genius, without something of an eye to which no genuine work of Art, however noble and glorious, was ever produced.

So says Sauer. But I tell him that, though believing as he does, he is still bound to consider things that ought to be considered. Even supposing it to be true, which I am not disposed to admit, that the human nature in man (which he and Mrs. Jones talk about) makes it impossible for any artist to work wholly and exclusively from love of his Art for its own sake, yet that love may be with some artists the great predominant impulse, not only the one without which they would not work at all, but so powerful as to be in point of fact

almost the sole reason for their working at all, and certainly for their creating the great and noble works they produce.

And I tell him he should be aware of allowing himself in a cynical disposition to cut down to a *minimum* the balance on the credit side of human nature in general or of artist human nature in particular.

The artist, like all good workers, must live in order to work; but it does not follow that he works either wholly or chiefly in order to live. He may even have to get his livelihood from his work—mostly a poor one as compared with the livelihood the successful tradesman gets; but it does not follow that he makes his Art a trade. Shakespeare was a theatrical manager and (to some extent, let it be granted if you wish,) a playwright with an eye to present success and money. But it does not follow that that is the secret of the creation of Hamlet, Macbeth or Lear. Would he, as artist, for any amount of theatrical success and money, have sacrificed the artistic perfection of those great works? Would Dante, Raphael, Beethoven, Thorwaldsen have done the like? Who believes so? Not I.

One thing more, as to what Saner says about Fame. I do not deny that artists, great and noble ones, may desire fame. The greater and nobler

they are, the more likely they will be to prefer Fame to present Reputation—the posthumous verdict of the ages to contemporaneous applause. But to make clear what I mean, I have to suggest to Sauer that it is questionable whether the love of fame be merely the "desire for a name that shall live and last through the ages." I do not say it is not that, but is it *merely* that? Is it not the great artist's highest desire that his *work* may be crowned, although he may also desire that his *name* be written on his work? Washington Allston says:

"I cannot believe that any man, who deserved fame, ever labored for it, that is *directly*. For as fame is but the contigent of excellence, it would be like the attempt to project a shadow, before its substance was obtained. Many, however, have so fancied: 'I write, I paint, for fame' has often been repeated; it should have been, 'I write, I paint for reputation.' All anxiety, therefore, about Fame should be placed to the account of Reputation."

This, however, makes the question about fame a verbal one. And without denying that the common usage of the word makes it relate to personal celebrity, I am certain that the desire of the great and noble artist for fame is not such as to make him regard his art as a *mere* means to that end. Whatever may be his desire for personal celebrity

through his work, it seems to me that his foremost and strongest desire is for sympathetic appreciation of his work, for that recognition of it which is born only of a true insight into its worth—an insight which not the many, but only the few, in any age, can have. He desires the suffrages of those who know how to judge, and the consenting verdict of successive generations, because it is the seal of the great ages, set upon the work his genius has created—redounding indeed, necessarily, to the personal glory of the artist, but the personal glory itself, (however desired or rejoiced in, in hope) no more the exclusive or supreme object of desire and motive of action to the finite artist than to the Infinite One whose works of creative love proclaim His glorious Name.

XXVII.

THE LOVE OF EXCELLENCE.

When in my last paper I quoted that sentence out of Fuseli's Lectures, and told how I came first to see it, I did not quote a comment upon it by Allston himself which was pencilled under it on the door of the old commode; although, in virtue of one of the special laws of that *hang-togetherness* of things which I have adverted to, Fuseli's dictum and Allston's comment were inseparably associated together in my recollection. I did not quote it because it had no logical connection with the subject of that paper. Yet I was strongly tempted to do so, in spite of its irrelevancy, for the sake of its beauty of thought and expression, and the pleasure I was sure my good readers would find in reading anything so exquisite.

But, now, in order that they may have that pleasure, I will make it the starting-point of my present paper.

The comment was this: "If an Artist love his Art for its own sake, he will delight in excellence wherever he meets it, as well in the work of another as in his own. This is the test of a true love."

Is not this a charming utterance? And all who knew the man know it is a true exponent of his own gentle and noble spirit.

It will, of course, be understood that the excellence of which Allston here speaks is not the mere relative superiority of one work of Art over another, but something positive, in the work itself, its intrinsic beauty or nobleness apart from any comparison unless it be with that ideal of absolute perfection whose reality is in God alone, and which all works of Art are but attempts to reach, and the noblest of them necessarily only an imperfect expression of.

But in making what Allston says my present text, I shall give it a much wider application, and lay it down that whoever has a true love of excellence will be delighted with the excellence of others of whatever sort—not only in works of Art, but in every good product of the mind, and especially in the personal conduct and character of his fellow-men.

I do not know anything more loveable and charming than the disposition which shows itself in a quick and full sympathy with whatever is good and noble in others and a hearty generous joy in recognizing

and praising it. I have a particular delight in seeing this spirit among contemporaneous men of letters—the greater because in the present age, when literature has come to be so much of a profession (not to say a trade), the temptations to rivalries and jealousies, or to a depreciating disposition, are perhaps more numerous and strong. I therefore thank God with special gladness for any examples of this generous admiration. To name them all or all of them that come now to my mind would take me too far. I will mention only one—I mean Thackeray—and that because he has often been spoken of as cold-hearted and cynical. But read what he says, so sweetly, so tenderly, so lovingly, so full of reverence, about Hood; what he says too of Dickens, of Irving and others. He cold-hearted and cynical? Never a greater mistake. He was full of sincerest admiration for the excellence of others, and took the heartiest delight in praising it. Some time, please God, I will write about Thackeray at large. Genius, I think, is almost always genial; and I please myself with believing that the history of Literature and of Art would show that the quick perception and hearty praise of excellence is the instinct of the highest genius.

But I must go on with my text.

The opposite of this generous spirit which de-

lights in the excellence of others is the detracting spirit which finds little or nothing to admire in others—nothing indeed to which it gives the full meed of hearty praise.

This spirit does not so much deny the excellence you present to its acknowledgement as seek to diminish or disparage it. It deals not perhaps in calumnious falsehoods, but in perpetual abatements and curtailments. It inclines to depreciate what it cannot condemn. It judges by defects rather than by excellencies, and has a sharper eye for faults than for merits. If you speak of the brightness of the sun, the detractor never omitteth to tell you of its spots. If you show him a diamond, he alloweth it may be one, he will not say it is not, but possibly it may be nothing but paste, at all events there is a flaw in it. He spieth out cracks and blemishes in all things that seem whole and fair, and hath ever a microscope at hand to show them to you if you will but look through it. He never thinks of putting it to the use of disclosing the soul of goodness in things imperfect. His vocation is to detect imperfections in things good; and as everything brightest and fairest in the world of human nature and human action is flecked with some spot or flaw, so nothing can abide his sharp scrutiny.

Now there is nothing in the world that is fitted to

affect a just and candid mind with greater aversion than such a detracting spirit.

The habit of depreciation is not indeed always the sure proof of a base nature. Sometimes it betokens nothing worse than a mere unfortunate narrow-mindedness, which finds but few things to praise because it is simply unable to understand and admire things outside its own sphere, and so is quite honestly disposed to disallow the possible excellence that may be in them.

Sometimes it may proceed from that form of intense self-love which is full of satisfaction with itself, its own doings and possessions and with everything in any way related to itself. It thinks highly and speaks warmly of its own wife, children, friends, horses and dogs,—which is nothing to be condemned if only it were not given to spying out things to dispraise in other peoples' wives, children, friends, horses and dogs. Its own geese are not only always swans, but other peoples' swans are nothing but geese.

Sometimes it springs from the vanity which plumes itself on the acuteness it displays. It does not mean to be ill-natured; but it cannot resist the temptation to pick holes in its neighbor's coat merely to show its smartness.

But sometimes, alas, nothing better can be said

of it than that it has its root in a spirit of jealousy, envy, or even wanton malice. "The Devil's heartiest laugh is at a detracting witticism. Hence the phrase '*Devilish good.*'" So wrote Washington Allston in one of his aphorisms pencilled on the old pine commode I have mentioned. And doubtless all malignant detraction is of the Devil, and the wittier it may be the more its *goodness* is a "Devilish" goodness.

But I have only to hope that in this slight attempt to analyze the detracting spirit I may not have fallen into anything of it myself. It is not necessarily uncharitable, any more than it is untrue, to say that the detracting spirit is a wrong and unlovely spirit. But it is easier to speak of what is good and noble in spirit than it is to speak exactly as one should of what is the opposite to it—avoiding uncandid harshness on the one hand, and the mawkish indiscrimination of sentimental charitableness on the other! The reverse of wrong is not always right. The golden mean of just judging doubtless lies somewhere between Mr. Malevolus Bitter and Mrs. Semper Sweet. If one could only always hit it! One thing however is certain. It is better to cultivate the disposition to look out for what is good in others rather than what is ill, to

praise rather than disparage. It is better to be too wide likers than to find nothing to like. There is a great deal of excellence in the world which cynics never see.

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